



WASHINGTON LETTER.

Washington, March 12, 1894.
From Our Regular Correspondent.

The tariff fight between the democratic free traders and the democratic home protectionists having been won by the latter, the battle is now temporarily transferred to the full Senate committee on Finance. There are eleven members of this committee, six democrats and five republicans, but one of the democrats—Vance of North Carolina—is away. If the democrats can succeed in putting a substitute for Vance on the committee—they will probably make the attempt this week, unless they can get Vance to come back—they will have a majority of one; otherwise the committee will stand a tie, politically, and nothing can be done without the consent of at least one republican. The first contest in the committee will be over the time that shall be devoted to the consideration of the bill in committee, the democrats desiring to report the bill at once and the republicans to go over it section by section, pointing out its defects and offering amendments to remedy them. The republicans generally regard the protection which the revised bill gives to coal, iron ore, sugar and lead ore in the light of defects, because they are clearly discriminations made merely to get enough votes to pass the bill, and only serve to bring out more distinctly the injustice of the rest of the bill. The republicans are fortunate in the make up of their side of the Finance committee. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to select five men as well qualified in every respect to do battle for republican principles as are Senators Morrill, of Vt.; Sherman, of Ohio; Jones of Nev.; Allison of Iowa, and Aldrich of Rhode Island. If they do not accomplish anything it will be simply because nothing can be accomplished.

It is not yet certain that the revised bill can be passed by the Senate notwithstanding the concession made to the kickers, although, of course, the probabilities are decidedly in its favor; but there remain several elements of doubt either of which may result in defeating the bill. Two of the populists—Peffer and Allen—have declared their intentions to vote against it and the votes of Senators Hill and Murphy are not assured for the bill; but even with the loss of those votes it is still possible for the democrats to pass the bill, if Kyle votes with them, and it is understood that he will, having for good and sufficient reasons connected with the distribution of official pie given his promise to that effect.

A small number of Senators appear to think that Senator Peffer's action in offering a resolution for the investigation of the charges made against five democratic Senators, of having used their positions to obtain information as to what was being done in connection with the sugar clause of the tariff bill, in order to speculate in sugar stock, was undignified, but a majority is hardly likely to take that view of the matter and Mr. Peffer says he is determined that the resolution shall not be pigeonholed. The surprising thing to most people was that one of the Senators charged with speculation did not ask for an investigation.

There is considerable speculation as to whether Mr. Cleveland will veto the Bland bill for the coinage of the seigniorage, which will certainly pass the Senate this week. Senator Vilas, who is about as close to Mr. Cleveland as anybody is, says the bill will be vetoed, but others who are also close to Mr. Cleveland say that he will allow the bill to become a law without his signature, with the hope that it will remove the silver question from the coming Congressional campaign; his idea, according to these gentlemen, being that the mint will be kept busy for several years to coin the \$55,000,000 silver dollars required by the bill, and that it will be useless to further agitate for the free coinage of silver until the mints have got through with that provided for in this bill.

If your correspondent were disposed to make a wager on this matter he would not hesitate to give odds in favor of a veto. Mr. Cleveland will, in my opinion, be only too glad of an opportunity to hit the silver men whom he has never liked.

The House Judiciary committee will almost certainly make a favorable report on the bill fathered by Representative Bartholdt, of Mo, making Lincoln's birthday a legal holiday, although the point has been raised that Congress cannot do more than recommend to the states that it be so observed. Mr. Bartholdt, however thinks Congress has full authority to declare the day a legal holiday and will endeavor to get his bill through.

Representative McRae, of Ark., acting for those House democrats who are opposed to the action of the democrats of the Senate Finance committee, in putting a duty on sugar, has introduced a bill to abolish the bounty on sugar and to place sugar of all grades on the free list. These men say they intend to make sure of free sugar by tacking this bill on a rider onto one of the regular appropriation bills, but it is

doubtful whether the democratic leaders will allow them to do so.

THE RAILWAY SITUATION.

(Editorial in Washington Post.)

In the speech of Hon. Thomas B. Reed, made at the Academy of Music, in Philadelphia, the other day, he called attention to the fact that we have more miles of railroad in this country in the hands of receivers than there are in all of Great Britain. The cause of this can be traced very largely to the paralysis of business all over the country, making the struggle for what there is so great that the low rates, which have thereby been brought about by the competition of the trunk lines, have ceased to be remunerative.

Is this condition of affairs a healthy one for either the shippers or the owners of roads?

Since the passage of interstate commerce law the roads have been busy gathering up their tributaries into a consolidation or lease-hold system.

Long before man trod on this planet the law of the "survival of the fittest" was as it is to-day.

Rivalry and competition breed conquerors; the weaker go down and the stronger gather up the wrecks, and so rapidly has this been going on that if it continues a few years more a dozen men will eventually control the entire railroad system of the country, and then there will be a uniform tariff made that the public will be powerless to resist.

To-day there is but a single transcontinental system not in the hands of receivers in part at least, and that is the Great Northern, which is not completed, and still having the benefit of bonds to sell from which interest can be paid a little while longer.

The Northern Pacific, with its mileage of over 5000 miles; the Union Pacific, with nearly 8000 miles; and the Atchison, with over 7000, have struck their colors before the waste of unhealthy competition, and the Missouri Pacific, with nearly 6000 miles, is kept from the same evil ending by two of its large stockholders, who may sooner or later get tired of their load.

The Great Pennsylvania Railroad, with nearly 6000 miles, and the New York Central Railroad, with the personal holdings of the Vanderbilts in their connecting lines, already approximate 16,000 miles.

How long will it be before these roads, with their unrivaled credit, will gather in the whole of the lines now in the receivers hands, and to be had at their own prices?

The piracy of the Canadian Pacific upon our own roads is a crying evil that seems to be tolerated as though it could not be corrected, and yet it will have to be some time, and the ability of that road maintained by enormous subsidies of the Canadian government, to prosper while the American roads are being forced to the wall, will not always continue to be passed over in silence.

Unless Congress is desirous of having the already rapid march of consolidation hastened still farther, they should so amend the interstate commerce act as to stop the stealing of business that belongs to the transcontinental lines, and by some plan of dividing the business at living rates let the weaker ones live a little longer.

In hard times like these we live very fast in such matters.

The reports sent out from London of a serious fire on the American Liner Paris were exaggerated. There was a slight fire, owing to the carelessness of some of the mechanics, but the damage is not serious, and will not interfere with her sailings. There seems to be a disposition on the other side to discredit American enterprises and to exaggerate accidents. The American Line is an opening wedge which may split the leg of ocean commerce and point the way to a restoration of a part at least of the carrying trade which was once ours. The loss of the Paris and New York to the English, and the building of sister ships on the Delaware are not regarded with equanimity in England. Doubtless a destructive fire on the Paris would not have been looked upon as an unmixed evil in English steamship circles, but it would have been a blow to American enterprise, and it is gratifying to know that no particular harm was done.

SMALL-POX ALL GONE.

H. L. Sholly and C. A. Morris, deputy state inspectors today dismissed the health guards at Tyrone Forges and lifted the quarantine from the houses in which smallpox had prevailed, all the afflicted ones having thoroughly recovered. The Tyrone board of health has not yet, however, given permission to the members of these families to enter the borough. Trains on the main line are now making the regular stops as usual at Tyrone Forge station, way passenger today being the first train to stop since the temporary isolation of the place.—Tyrone Herald.

Ripans Tabules cure dyspepsia.

SHIELDS WAS NONPLUSSED.

Many years after the close of the union war I was riding in the train from Hartford, in company with Gen. Shields. I said to him: "General, you never joined the Fenians, yet we young men always thought you were ready to fight for Ireland if the opportunity offered."

"I would," he responded with animation, "but I will tell you my own experience about secret movements against England. Some time after the Mexican war I was yet in commission in military service and stationed at St. Louis. The adherents of the young Ireland party of '48, in the North brought pressure upon the war department to grant me a leave of absence. I visited New York, and, after a conference with the leaders, with their assistance I selected two men, each unknown to the other. I kept them in different quarters of the Astor house for some days training them verbally on what I wanted them to do for me in Ireland, giving each a different section. I desired to know what were the military equipments and arms in the hands of the patriots organized in clubs and other bodies, and the warlike resources attainable in the country. They returned and reported. There were no means at all sufficient with which to begin a war.

"On my way back I stopped at Washington to visit the war department. I received a friendly invitation one day from the British minister, Napier, an Irishman, you know—with whom I was on friendly personal terms before I went to Mexico—to take tea with him the same evening. I accepted. After supper he took me into his library, and, putting the stars of a major general on my shoulder, he said: "Jim, no Irishman in the world felt prouder of your winning those stars than I; but it is fortunate for you the kind of man that in my person represents the British government in this country. I want you to continue to wear in honor the uniform that has covered you in your glorious deeds in Mexico; but, my dear fellow, at any time within the past few weeks, I could have had your stars razed, and the uniform pulled off your back, had I raised my finger in protest against your conspiracy."

"Well I was astonished, but was entirely confounded when he told me of my whole proceedings in New York; and told me of every where my two sworn men in Ireland had been. He had everything as accurate as their reports to me."—Capt. John M. Tobin in Donahoe's Magazine.

While the victims of the Gaylord mine squeeze are still entombed and no inquest or investigation into the cause of the disaster has been undertaken he would be rash who would undertake to fix the blame off hand. The frequency of these fatal cave-ins in the Wyoming coal field gives rise to the unreasonable suspicion that the system of leases and royalties to land owners under which the bulk of the coal in this field is mined is primarily at fault.

The lessors receive a certain price per ton for all coal taken out and the closer the coal is mined the greater their royalties. They employ so called mine experts to look after their interests and these men encourage the robbing of pillars. After a shaft is once opened it is also to the interest of the lessees to take out the largest possible amount of coal through it. Between these two grand inspired interests the safety of the miners is likely to receive scant consideration.

It is certain that only the most effective and thorough legal inspection and supervision will render the calling of the miners anything like a safe one when such conditions exist.

A GOOD COLLEGE.

At a recent meeting of the Lancaster County Tobacco Growers' Society Capt. John R. Bricker spoke of the visit of himself and others to State College, where agriculture and horticulture are taught. They were well received and much pleased with what they saw. He stated that it was a good place for grown up people to visit, and for young people to attend if they wish to make farming their life work. He found students from other States there, and he was glad that they were compelled to come to Dutch Pennsylvania to learn something about agriculture.

A NEW TRIAL REFUSED.

MIFFLINTOWN, Pa., March 13.—Judge Lyon this afternoon over ruled the defendant's motion for a new trial in the Carpenter murder case. The prisoner, James Carpenter, convicted in February of the murder of his blind father, was called for sentence immediately after the opinion was rendered.

Without the least manifestation of nervousness or fear he heard the words that doomed him to death on the scaffold. Before sentence was pronounced he proclaimed his innocence of the crime.

—A portion of the track on the Bellefonte Central Railroad, at McCalmont's farm, near State College, was burned on Tuesday evening so bad that the rails

spread and the last train to Bellefonte was delayed over two hours, not reaching this place until nine o'clock in the evening. The track has been repaired, the road is all right to-day and trains are running as usual.

IN OTHER COUNTIES.

Items of Interest Clipped or Condensed From Our Exchanges.

One day last week Rebecca, the fourteen month old daughter of S. B. Lingenfelter, of Philipsburg, got out of her bed crawled to the head of the stairway and fell to the bottom fracturing her left collar bone.

John F. Belter, of Portage, Cambria Co. on Tuesday of last week, while in Ebensburg, lost his purse which is said to have contained \$1,700 in cash and \$500 in notes and checks. It has not been found.

The returns on the assessor's books in the commissioners' office in Indiana county, show that there are at least 3,893 dogs in that county. This number has been assessed and returned while the commissioners think there are fully 250 more of which no account has been rendered.

James Purcell, who resides about three miles from Bellefonte, Mifflin county, on Stone Mountain, was arrested last Wednesday for making and passing counterfeit coins. They consist of one dollar, fifty and twenty five cent pieces. He is past 21 years of age and unmarried.

On Thursday afternoon, Hugh McDougal while helping break a log jam in Loyal creek at Fairchild's landing, near Hillsgrove, Lycoming county, was caught in the logs and crushed to death, his body being carried out into the stream, but was recovered. He was employed on a lumber job of J. B. Emery & Co., of Williamsport, and resided near Hillsgrove.

A few nights ago Charles Charman, of Webster, Westmoreland county, had a thrilling experience out coon hunting. He with several other gentlemen went out on the above mentioned errand and while attempting to ride over a trestle on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, his horse fell through the trestle and broke its neck. Mr. Charman was thrown off but alighted on the trestle and escaped injury. The animal died in a few minutes.

TRAGEDY IN A BANK.

FOUR WOMEN, Tex., March 13.—R. M. Page, formerly president of the Merchants' National bank, to-day shot and killed A. B. Smith, formerly cashier of the same bank. Page was alone in a room now being used by the bank to wind up its affairs when Smith, who had been in the adjoining office, entered to talk to Page about bank affairs.

Almost immediately the shooting commenced, four or five shots being fired. Smith was shot through the brain, dying instantly. Page was placed in jail. There have been hard feelings between Page and Smith for some time, and on a former occasion, they had a shooting affray in the bank office, in which Page was slightly wounded.

ELEVEN CHILDREN IN COURT.

INDIANAPOLIS, March 13.—Judge Winters this morning began the hearing of the Cordes divorce case. The plaintiff is Mrs. Augusta Cordes, and the defendant is Her man Cordes, a brick manufacturer worth about \$75,000. Behind Mr. Cordes sat 11 children who have been born to him and his wife during 20 years of married life.

The domestic life of the two has been frequently aired in the courts and twice they have been reconciled after divorce proceedings were begun. She charges that he ill treats her, insufficiently provides for her, and has taken her money away from her. She asks a divorce and \$25,000 alimony.

POLITICS BOBS UP.

HARRISBURG, March 13.—The annual meeting of the Central Pennsylvania M. E. Conference convened here to-day. The Temperance Anniversary was held this evening, at which Bishop Hurst, Chancellor of the American University of Washington, presided.

H. T. Ames, of Williamsport, made a speech in which he held that the sale of liquor is entrenched in the business interests of the country and its policy. He declares that the Methodists would tumble over each other in a few months in order to vote for General Hastings for Governor.

A SUIT FOR \$25,000.

WILKESBARRE, March 13.—The suit of Joseph Matuskywicz against J. C. Hayden & Co. for \$25,000 damages was called in the common pleas court here today.

The plaintiff is one of the survivors of the Jeansville accident of February, 1893. He was one of the seventeen who were entombed in the mine there and rescued after having been imprisoned for twenty-one days. At the time of the accident nine men were drowned, four died of suffocation and four were found alive. The mine operators are charged with negligence.

THAT BRAZILIAN WAR.

Da Gama's Terms Didn't Suit President Piexoto.

WASHINGTON, March 13.—Secretary Gresham received a long cipher dispatch from Minister Thompson this afternoon saying that President Piexoto had refused the terms of surrender proposed by Admiral Da Gama and that the forts had opened fire on the insurgents with a determination to force them into unconditional surrender.

The final revised translation of the dispatch was given as follows:

"The forts loyal to the government commenced firing on the insurgents to-day at noon. The insurgents have not returned the fire. The government has refused the terms of capitulation offered by Da Gama and announces that they will commence firing from the city batteries at 3 o'clock this afternoon. The city of Rio is practically deserted."

Secretary Gresham and his advisers were literally astounded by the information. Although the dispatch received last night from Minister Thompson suffered considerably in transmission or else in putting them into the cipher at Rio, enough was learned from those parts which were decipherable to justify the interpretation placed on them, that Da Gama had consented to become an exile and deliver up his vessels on the sole condition that the lives of his followers would be spared. It was not for an instant doubted that these terms would prove acceptable to Piexoto and that he would promptly grant the partial amnesty which was considered so reasonable.

Officials here to-day were congratulating each other that the troublesome disorder along the Brazilian coast was surely settled and that commerce would no longer be hampered.

Later this afternoon the following was received from Admiral Benham, dated March 13:

"Notice has been given by this government that the bombardment of the insurgent ships and forts commenced at high noon, March 13. Insurgent admiral reported as taken refuge on board the Portuguese man-of-war, on inquiry I find he is not on board yet."

BOSS M'KANE FEELS UNEASY.

NEW YORK, March 13.—A special from Sing Sing says Convict John Y. McKane has been showing signs of uneasiness over the outcome of the reported shortage of \$200,000 in his accounts as Supervisor of the town of Gravesend, Lawyer Roderick came up Sunday and had a long interview with him and explained the situation.

Keeper Durkin, who was recently transferred from his charge of McKane, has been permanently succeeded by Keeper Alexander McClelland, a nephew of ex-Senator Charles P. McClelland. It is said it is through the political efforts of the ex-Senator that ex-Keeper McClelland secured charge of McKane, which is considered a mark of promotion. McKane's mail remains very light.

A letter from his daughter-in-law yesterday stated that every effort was being made to keep the news of his imprisonment from his ill wife, but that it was a matter of only a few days when the truth must become known to her.

CAUSE FOR IMPEACHMENT.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., March 13.—The grand jury at Scottsboro, Ala., has reported, recommending the impeachment of Judge M. B. Tulley, of the Alabama circuit, accusing him of aiding and abetting the Skeleton boys in murdering Banker R. C. Ross on February 4. When the Skeletons started in pursuit of Ross Judge Tulley wired ahead to the operator at Stevenson, for which point Ross was destined, not to let him get away, and when the Skeletons had killed Ross they wired Tulley that "Ross is dead; none of us hurt." Ross's friends had wired him from Scottsboro that his life was in danger and Tulley endeavored to intercept the message. Failing in this he sent his dispatch.

A BLIND WOMAN'S FATE.

SCRANTON, March 13.—Mrs. Mary Campbell, an aged woman living on North Grand avenue, today suffered a death that for torture equalled those of the martyrs at the stake. The old lady was partially blind, and while trying to warm herself got too near the stove for safety. Her clothing caught fire and as there was no one near to help her, she was a mass of flames when her daughter darted into the room.

The clothing of the daughter also caught fire and she would also have perished but for the timely arrival of a newspaper carrierboy who threw a pail of water over her.

The lady died after five hours of excruciating torture. The daughter was only painfully burned.

—A farmer in Tioga County, Pa., has rigged up a music box on the order of a

hand organ, which he has attached to his wheel plow. The gearing is so fixed that by moving a lever the organ is played automatically, and the farmer regales himself with all the popular operatic airs all day long. He says the music has a good effect upon the horses.

THE HASTY WORD.

To think before you speak is so wise an axiom that one would hardly think it needful to emphasize it by repetition. And yet in how many cases the hasty temper flashes out in the hasty word, and the latter does its work with the precision and pain of a swift stiletto. Singularly enough, the hasty word more often wounds those who love one another dearly, and the very closeness of their intimacy affords them opportunity for the sudden thrust. We know the weak points in the armor of kinsman and our friend; we are aware of his caprices, and ordinarily argtender and compassionate even of his vanities and his small fancies and whims; but there dawns a day when it is written in the book of fate that we shall be as cruel as we are loving. We are anxious over unpaid bills, or our expected letters have not arrived, or one of the children is ailing, and we dread the outcome of the malady. So politeness fails us, fortitude is vanquished, philosophy is in abeyance, and we say that which we repent in sackcloth and ashes. But though the hasty word may be forgiven it is not at once forgotten. It has flawed the crystal of our friendship; the place may be cemented, but there is a shadowy scar on the gleamy surface. Oh, if the words of haste had but been left unspoken; if the strong hand of patience had but held back the sword as it was about to strike.—Harper's Bazar.

IT WAS ONLY A JOKE.

This morning a telephone dispatch announced that the workmen who are excavating the cellar under the old Conrad block had just unearthed a pot of money containing \$762, made up of a little gold and silver but mostly notes. Of course, such a find was interesting and a News reporter started for the scene of the discovery, accompanied by George R. Meek, of the Watchman. At Cunningham's cigar store they were shown a number of old silver coins, dated back in the 18th century, were alleged to be some of the find. They were also shown the old tin pot, etc.

Not satisfied with this, however, the reporters demanded to see the hole in the ground and the money taken therefrom. A "hole" was shown, but not the hole. On being informed that the money was in the possession of Mr. Harry Brockerhoff the news gatherers hurried thither. However, by this time, they were getting their eyes opened, and it took but a look at Mr. Brockerhoff to convince them that the whole story was a fake, pure and simple, concocted probably by the crowd at Cunningham's cigar store. It was too bad that such a nice story had to be spoiled by it being untrue, but that was just the result, although it occasioned considerable excitement while it lasted.

A FEW THINGS TO AVOID.

Never call upon people just at bed time, or during dinner, or before they are down stairs in the morning.

Never, when you see two people engaged in earnest talk, step in and enter upon a miscellaneous conversation.

Never begin to talk about "this, that and everything" to one who is trying to read the morning paper, or a book or any thing else.

Never fail to keep an appointment.

Never inconvenience people by coming in late at church, theatre, lecture or concert.

Never delay in answering letters or returning books.

Never tell long stories of which you yourself are the hero.

Never speak disrespectfully of your parents nor of your sisters. People may laugh at your wit, but they will despise you for it.

FOR AN EVENING PARTY.

Here is a new and interesting way of amusing the guests at an evening party which some of our readers may think worth while trying. Take all the guests into the dining room and turn out all the lights. Have them all sit around the table, in the middle of which place a soup plate. Put in the plate some common salt and a little alcohol. Light the alcohol and then look at each other's faces. They will look natural at first, but as the alcohol burns out and the salt becomes ignited the flame changes from yellow to blue and the changes in the faces are very startling. They all take on a ghastly look. Eyes stick out and the skin looks as though drawn tight like parchment. Then the faces become almost black, and when the flame dies out into a lighted room you unconsciously try to wipe the black off, but it doesn't come. It is all the light from the salt.

THE CHICAGO VERDICT.

Chicago Papers Generally Condemn it as A Miscarriage of Justice.

CHICAGO, March 9.—The verdict in the Coughlin case created the greatest surprise here as being the one least expected. It was generally thought this verdict would be more severe than the previous one.

The *Record* says: "The fact remains, however, that the verdict, coming at the close of the numerous inter-related episodes of the Cronin case, was not expected. There was general apprehension of a disagreement, and no doubt many observers of the case had come to the conclusion that if Coughlin was not guilty, he knew at least more about the death of Dr. Cronin than an honest man could know."

The *Inter Ocean* says: "The second trial of Coughlin on a charge of complicity in the murder of Cronin came to a close yesterday by the unexpected return of a verdict of acquittal. To say that this caused a painful surprise throughout the city but faintly describes the effect. Had the jury been unable to agree the surprise would not have been so great, for it was thought quite probable that some of the jury had been tampered with, but actual acquittal was cause for unconcealed astonishment. Those who had followed the testimony were most astonished. The evidence was stronger on this second trial than it was on the first. No important link in the chain of evidence was missing, while several new ones were introduced. Daniel Coughlin has escaped from the meshes of the law, but the jury in the court of public opinion have decreed that he bear henceforth the mark of Cain.

The *Tribune* says: It was generally considered that the judge's charge was at least as favorable to the defendant as it could be under the circumstances, and many were disposed to excuse the jury on the ground that it could not well have found a different verdict in view of the instructions of the court. If the prosecution had been drowned and Coughlin allowed to go free there would have been an angry protest. And yet it is difficult to understand how 12 men could make up their minds so quickly that he was innocent. The *Times* says: "Not guilty! This conclusion, reached in a little more than three hours by this remarkable jury, percolates but slowly through the public mind. The average citizen, who has followed the evidence almost as if he were a jurymen, must have time to take in this momentous decision and readjust his point of view. Not at once will he accustom his mental vision to the new focus."

PENSIONERS ON THE ROLLS.

WASHINGTON, March 9.—The decrease in the number of claims received daily at the Pension Bureau is shown in a statement prepared at the department. The number of pensioners on the rolls is now approximately 966,000 against 952,000 for the corresponding week of last year. The number has, however, steadily diminished since September 1. The number of cases now pending the action of the examiners is 654,163. This is a decrease of over 61,000 in the standing number during the year.

The number received during last week is a decrease of 3,443 from the number received in the corresponding week last year. There is also a decrease of 281 in the number of cases allowed during the week, and an increase of 650 in the cases rejected. The claims now pending are divided by classes as follows: Old war, 3,557; Indian war, 2,777; service since March 4, 1861, 203,405; act of June 27, 1890, 136,721; additional to prior applications on file under former acts, 108,427; increase, 203,629; increase and accrued widows, 5,887; and army nurses, 676.

QUARRELOVERA CORPSE.

CINCINNATI, March 9.—One of the most remarkable cases in the history of this city is causing talk in the Twenty-sixth ward. Mrs. Lee died and her sister notified Rev. Thomas Webb and had Undertaker Stark take charge of the remains. Two years ago, it appears, Mrs. Lee, who expected to die, daily arranged with her pastor, Rev. Webb, that when she died Undertaker Porter should take charge of her remains.

Webb, as soon as he heard of the death, sent Porter word. He found Stark had embalmed the body. On Webb's orders Porter removed the body to his own cooling board. Stark heard of this and went to the house, but Webb was obstinate, the body was changed back and forth a dozen times, but finally Stark left when Porter stood Stark's outfit outside the door beside the corpse, where it still stands.

IN GAYLORD MINE.

WILKES-BARRE, March 9.—At the Gaylord shaft at 11 o'clock to-night they report that the men at work have cleared away thirty-eight feet of the debris since midnight last night. No signs of the entombed were found so far, but the rescuers appear to be encouraged at the advancement they are making.

Music Hall and the skating rink in Plymouth are to be thrown open next week to aid the poor widows and their families. It is believed that a large sum of money will be raised for their immediate use.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., March 9.—A dwelling in Barree occupied by Isaac Parks, wife and three children, was burned to the ground between 12 and 1 o'clock this morning, together with all the contents. The loss, however, will not reach over \$800. Insurance about half that amount. The fire was caused by a defective flue, and the

family were all asleep when it originated. The crackling of the flames awakened them, but not until they had gained considerable headway, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the inmates escaped with their lives, especially so with reference to Mr. Parks, as he is blind.

AN UNSEEN ENEMY.

It is more to be dreaded than an open and visible one. The subtle and lurking foe, which under the generic name of malaria manifests itself, when it clutches us in its tenacious grasp, in the various form of chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague or ague cake, can only be effectually guarded against by fortifying the system against its insidious attacks with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a thorough antidote to the poison of miasma in the system, and a safeguard against it thoroughly to be relied upon. In the event of a malarious attack, avoid poisoning your system with quinine, and use instead this wholesome remedy, unobjectionable in taste and far more efficacious than any drug. Use the Bitters for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, kidney complaints and rheumatism.

THE APRIL JULY LIST.

Names of Those Who Will Serve During the Next Term of Court.

GRAND JURORS.
H H Osman, blacksmith, Worth.
John D Miller, farmer, Snow Shoe.
Wm C Showers, laborer, Bellefonte.
H B Pontius, clerk, Bellefonte.
Harris Kline, farmer, Spring.
Joseph M Carson, farmer, Potter.
Frank Thompson, farmer, Marion.
Elmer Lucas, laborer, Curtin.
W K Alexander, marbled dealer, Millheim.
W W Spangler, farmer, Liberty.
Thomas Merryman, farmer, Taylor.
Samuel Ard, gentleman, Penn.
John L Gray, agent, Philipsburg.
Simon Bathurst, iron worker, Boggs.
W Wolf, merchant, Centre Hall.
Edward Marshall, farmer, Patton.
W E Burrell, farmer, Gregg.
Frank B Stover, butcher, Bellefonte.
J Claire Fultz, marble dealer, Unionville.
John Bruss, farmer, Huston.
William Whitton, miner, Rush.
Wm Lueddon, miner, Snow Shoe.
H B Herring, farmer, Gregg.
W H Musser, ins. agent, Boggs.

TRAVERSE JURORS, FIRST WEEK.
Frank Smith, laborer, College.
S P Meyers, millwright, Boggs.
John I Olewine, clerk, Bellefonte.
R C Leathers, contractor, Howard.
Geo. Taylor, gentleman, Boggs.
J K Keller, laborer, Potter.
Wm Snively, farmer, Walker.
Wm Grove, Sr., farmer, College.
Henry Weaver, laborer, Liberty.
J F Goss, teacher, Taylor.
John Harpster, farmer, Union.
John Johnston, foreman, Snow Shoe.
Ira N McCloskey, teacher, Liberty.
John J. Bailey, farmer, Ferguson.
Frank McCoy, ironmaster, Bellefonte.
Dewitt Jones, merchant, Philipsburg.
Jacob Sproy, laborer, Potter.
Wm Showers, laborer, Bellefonte.
Chas Bower, farmer, Haines.
J S Egan, farmer, Marion.
F F Jamison, teacher, Gregg.
John I Potter, R. R. agent, Bellefonte.
William Foster, merchant, College.
William Craig, laborer, Huston.
William Tibbins, farmer, College.
T A Snyder, contractor, Liberty.
A L Cowher, painter, Worth.
Oliver Whitner, carpenter, Benner.
George Wolf, laborer, Miles.
Daniel Woodring, gentleman, Bellefonte.
Elmer Williams, laborer, Huston.
W F Courter, justice, Liberty.
Elias Hancock, teacher, Boggs.
I J Dreese, R. R. agent, College.
Wm Thompson, Jr., merchant, College.
W S Musser, agent, Gregg.
Wm Laws, ins. agent, South Philipsburg.
John Mechtler, farmer, Benner.
Jev. J O Young, minister, Spring.
Jackson Showers, sawyer, Bellefonte.
Y H Doyle, butcher, Philipsburg.
Edward Cole, farmer, Walker.
W W McCormick, farmer, Potter.
John P Moore, farmer, College.
J I Yarnell, laborer, Snow Shoe.
Samuel C Hoy, farmer, Walker.
Foster V Jodon, farmer, Spring.
Wm Dunwiddie, druggist, Philipsburg.

RAVERSE JURORS, SECOND WEEK.
Potter Tate, farmer, Marion.
James Black, merchant, Philipsburg.
J W Johnstonbaugh, laborer, Patton.
Harry Simler, policeman, Philipsburg.
Samuel Swartz, merchant, Potter.
John Kuhns, laborer, Potter.
Shuman Lyon, farmer, Spring.
Edward Quick, laborer, Snow Shoe.
F L Hollick, laborer, Rush.
Calvin Bottor, mechanic, Potter.
Wm Brooks, farmer, Boggs.
Geo W Jackson, banker, Bellefonte.
E T Hicklin, laborer, Howard.
Levi Whippo, blacksmith, Bellefonte.
Joseph L Gardner, minister, Howard.
James Nixon, merchant, Philipsburg.
Jacob N Royer, farmer, Miles.
John W Gray, farmer, Half Moon.
F W Confer, lumberman, Haines.
James M Weaver, blacksmith, Haines.
James Houser, laborer, Spring.
William Biddle, laborer, Howard.
John L Dunlap, carpenter, Bellefonte.
Edward Rupp, Miller, Bellefonte.
Wm L Wilson, farmer, Half Moon.
Daniel Daup, farmer, Potter.
D P Shope, farmer, Boggs.
J R Bumgardner, clerk, Liberty.
John Bilger, Vet surgeon, Spring.
Jonathan Dingus, farmer, Penn.
John Homer, merchant, Philipsburg.
Philip Liddings, miner, Rush.
John Peace, farmer, Boggs.
James Hevory, Jr., foreman, Milesburg.
Calvin Auman, lumberman, Miles.
James Garner, farmer, Walker.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by Chas. E. & Co. Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Ripans Tabules cure dyspepsia.

A FEAST OF MUSIC.

A Large Audience Hears the Concert on Friday Evening.

When Mrs. J. A. Aiken undertakes to do a thing she does so with all the energy capable to bestow. This fact was fully demonstrated in the success of the concert in the Presbyterian church on Friday evening. The church was filled with a most select audience when the hour for opening arrived.

The entertainment was opened by Prof. S. Tudor Strang, rendering on the five thousand dollar pipe organ, "Concert" by Handel. Prof. Strang's ability as a manipulator of this wonderful instrument is so well known in Bellefonte that it is not necessary to enlarge thereon, only to say that he was most heartily enjoyed. Mr. George Ford, the powerful basso profundo, followed Prof. Strang with a song entitled, "When the Lights are Low," and responded to an encore with "Days Beyond Recall." Persons who never heard Mr. Ford sing have no idea of the beauty of his voice and renderings. But it was left for Miss Jennie Gillan to captivate the audience with the masterful way in which she handled the violin in her first rendering. The beauty, grace and touch of her performance was simply entrancing—almost to intoxication. Miss Mary Durr then sang a difficult piece entitled "La Regina de Saba," by Gounod. Miss Durr has a full, well-modulated and highly cultivated voice and her effort was loudly encouraged.

To give the vocalists an opportunity to rest Miss Julia E. Doran played a piano solo—"La Campanella," by Liszt. It is impossible to describe Miss Doran's ability as a performer in other words than to say that it was brilliant, completely captivating the large audience present and drawing forth round after round of applause until she responded with a second piece. Then came one who has appeared before a Bellefonte audience on a previous occasion, Miss Mamie Keim, who might properly be termed the Nightingale. She sang "From All Eternity," in a way she alone can sing and was also encored most heartily.

The seventh rendition of the evening was a Xylophone solo by Mr. W. A. White accompanied on the piano by Prof. W. T. Meyer. Mr. White is a master hand on the Xylophone and on this occasion almost exceeded himself. The first part of the entertainment closed with an organ solo, "The Song of the Seraphs," by Prof. Strang.

The second part of the concert was opened with a solo by Veri, "Aria from Forza la del Destino," by Miss Keim, with piano accompaniment, and a quartette accompaniment on the chorus. This latter was sang by Messrs. George Ford, H. Harris, George Meek and Philip Waddle. Miss Doran then sang a most beautiful piece entitled, "Sing, Smile, Slumber," with violin and piano accompaniment. And then followed in succession a violin solo, "Polish Dance," by Miss Gillan; "Armstrong's Song" from Robin Hood, by Geo. Ford; "When the Heart is Young," by Miss Durr; a duet by Miss Keim and Mr. Ford, and the evening's entertainment closed with a piano solo by Prof. Strang. All in all it was a feast of music the like of which is seldom heard anywhere. Nobody who was present regretted going, but many who failed to attend are now sorry they missed such a treat.

AN INTERESTING DEBATE.

The special debates that have been held in the Addisonian Literary Society of the Bellefonte Academy during the winter are said to have been very interesting and well contested. Perhaps the best of the series was the debate held Friday on the question "Resolved, That foot ball should not be allowed at College." Messrs. Blanchard, Armour, Eldredge, Diskin and E. Hughes upheld the affirmative and Messrs. Woodcock, Bowser, Breeze, Dorworth, Curtin and Crider argued for the negative. The Judge awarded the debate to the negative. Each one of the debaters had made careful and thoughtful preparation and the result was a hotly contested argument in which all the points that could be offered pro and con were thoroughly brought out.

BLACK BEAR SHOT.

During the past fall Solomon Peachey saw several signs of bear in the mountains in Menno township, where he resides, and so concluded to investigate and see if he could find bruin holed up some place in the vicinity, and on Tuesday of last week, in company with S D Peachey, Jonathan B Hooley and Moses M. Zook, discovered a fine large black bear in the third hole visited. Each one got a shot at him, and when butchered found where other hunters had previously shot it, the wounds having healed up. The animal produced twenty-six quart of lard, and before the skin was taken off weighed 277 pounds.—Lewistown Gazette.

WORKING GIRLS AS WIVES.

The best and happiest wife in this and the next generation is and will be the self supporting woman. It is so evident that arguments and proofs seem superfluous. From a severely practical standpoint, a woman who has made her own living knows the value of money, has had experience in making it go as far as possible, has sown all the wild oats of small extravagances and subsequent scrimping that make trouble in many new homes. A dollar to her represents so many hours' work, not a few coaxing words addressed to papa. She knows what kind of a home

it is pleasant to come to after a tiring day's work and what sort of breakfast is the best foundation for eight hours toil.

She has been used for so long to look after herself that it is almost heaven to have some one ask if she had her rubbers on this morning, and the trifling attention will be repaid by a devotion to socks and buttons which the masculine mind will enjoy while it may not entirely understand.

PROPOSED PACIFIC CABLE.

The convention which met in New Zealand to discover how to bring the antipodes into closer communication with the rest of the world, adopted a resolution in favor of a cable by way of Samoa, Fanning Island and the Sandwich Island to Vancouver. This is the British plan, supported by the Canadian Government and the Canadian Pacific railway. There is an American plan for a cable from some point in California to Japan. Australia and Japan are already connected. This latter plan is in some sense the product of the fertile mind of Cyrus Field, who, when he had laid the Atlantic cable, was eager to lay one in the Pacific—from California to Honolulu and with branches from there to Japan and Australia.

The belief is that both plans will eventually be carried out, for the reason that a single line 7,000 miles long could not be depended on. "The only safe-guard against interruptions is a duplication of cables, and the longer the cables the more important becomes the necessity of providing against a break down." If only one should be laid various reasons, which cannot be detailed here, are given by an American writer why the British plan is the better.

The dispatch announcing the action of the convention says this plan was favored because it would be most readily accepted by the French, German, British and American governments. The governments most deeply interested in the proposed cable are the British and the American. It is of importance to England to have the United States as deeply concerned in the enterprise as possible, for in the event of war, in which the United States would not be likely to engage, the cable would be under the protection of a neutral, a great advantage to her.

As generally known, Congress made an appropriation for a survey of the bed of the Pacific between California and Hawaii, which has been completed and a route for a cable laid out. All that is needed now is the money which the undertaking will require, a handsome amount, as the line will be much longer than any of the Atlantic cables. If one had been in operation between San Francisco and Honolulu it would have earned enough out of the government to meet a good share of its cost, since the revolution in Hawaii.

QUEER COUNTY TAXATION.

The report of the secretary of internal affairs, a synopsis of which was given to yesterday's *Press*, shows that there is a screw loose somewhere in the taxation system of many counties, Allegheny among them. The report would be amusing were it not such a sad reflection on the way matters have been conducted. In Allegheny county the number of taxables in 1893 was placed at 167,225, against 153,636 in 1892. This indicates that the taxables were not correctly reported in the former year, because the increase shown by the returns would be virtually impossible under the conditions that prevail. But if the increase in taxable residents of the county is remarkable, the decrease in the number of acres of cleared land in Allegheny county is still more strange. As the report says, it shows that there has been a great tendency toward forestry culture, or very great laxity among the assessors, probably the latter.

The first step toward reform is to know that it is needed, and it appears Secretary Stewart has taken that step. It is possible that plausible explanations of the peculiar conditions with regard to taxation by county assessors will be offered, but whether they prove satisfactory to the ordinary inquiring citizen is another matter. Most likely they will not.

ALL QUIET IN WEST VIRGINIA.

CHARLESTOWN, W. Va., March 8.—Company K of the state militia, arrived here to day, having been ordered back by the governor. The other two companies will remain indefinitely. All is quiet and Montgomery halls with joy the departure of Company C. A committee of the United Mine Laborers yesterday held a conference with Captain Page and the sheriff, stating they denounced the riot, had nothing to do with it and would assist in bringing the rioters to justice. The members of the United Mine Workers held a conference last night and it is said the strike will be probably be ended soon and a general go to work movement started.

FOR SENATOR.

LOUISVILLE, March 8.—It was formally announced at Frankfort last night that Governor John Young Brown will be a candidate for United States Senator against Joseph C. S. Blackburn. The announcement comes like bomb in Kentucky politics. It was thought that when Judge Lindsay defeated Governor Brown and all others for Mr. Carlisle's seat he was done with Senatorial aspirations.

—Dr. Theodore Christ, of Lemont, will be one of the forty-five delegates to attend the National encampment of the G. A. R. at Pittsburgh in September. He was chosen at the recent convention in Philadelphia.



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Scratched, bruised, or hurt in any way, apply **Lightning Hot Drops** at once. It will allay the pain, prevent soreness, swelling, and discoloration.

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THE STATE'S FORESTS.

The joint meeting of the American Forestry Association, the various associations of the State of New York, and representative delegations from the State Forestry commissions of Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey and the New England States, at Albany, N. Y., ought to bear good fruit in a matter which is now attracting a good deal of attention, but which is attracting it none too soon. Different phases of the forestry question are under discussion, among them the relation of forests to the water supply and to health; the need of a forestry education and a forest policy for the nation; how to stop forest fires; tree planting in waste lands; the farmer's wood lot, and what Pennsylvania has done for the forests.

A writer in "Forest Leaves" gives some statistics regarding this State, and repeats the well-known fact that as the forests, which act to a certain extent as storage and distributing reservoirs, are removed, the water from rains and melting snows at once run down the mountain sides, and the effects are readily seen in the enormous loss of life and property from the annually recurring floods in our rivers and creeks, and also the low water which is found in our more prominent streams in the summer months, many of the smaller rivulets being dried up.

Out of 23,425,000 acres which compose the entire area of Pennsylvania, the latest assessors' lists of the different counties report only 8,355,000 acres, or 35.12 per cent as timber land. From this total probably 25 per cent can be deducted for land which is now in sprouts, has been burnt over, etc., leaving as the total area upon which merchantable timber is found about 6,200,000 acres, or between 26 and 27 per cent of the total. This is certainly a great falling off from the original condition of the State.

There is a large amount of waste mountain lands, especially in the coal regions, which could, with advantage to the State, be put into timber, and would, if properly managed, yield a revenue in money, irrespective of the benefit to the community at large. Individual farmers would find it to their advantage to cultivate a wood lot, and provide for a future supply of timber by planting trees at spots on their farms which are not especially adapted to cultivation.

CHURCH SOCIAL.

The Lutheran church social held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gehrett, on Bishop street, Thursday evening was largely attended, which made the social quite a success, socially and financially. A very pleasant, and amusing feature was the "Seers Pie." Every person paying a certain amount was allowed to see the pie and the person guessing what kind it was, was entitled to it. After quite a number of guesses had been made and not one correct the pie was put up at "public auction." It was purchased by ex-Sheriff Ishler who, not being able to guess correctly made sure of the pie by buying it. The guesses ranged all the way from a hickory nut to a feather pie.

The oysters, ice cream, cake, oranges, bananas, etc., had to give way to the crowd there to dispose of them. Of course, where L. Wian, Emanuel Brown, Samuel Mulberger and others are around every thing in the way of eatables must vanish. If these socials continue we would advise Mr. Gehrett to get a larger house. When Miss Julia Dorman is on the committee there is always something good to eat and plenty of it. Everyone present voted the evening well spent and departed with the inquiry when the next social would be? which, we understand, will be at the home of ex-Sheriff Ishler, on East Linn street.

NORWEGIAN LICENSE SYSTEM.

Governor Russell of Massachusetts appointed a commission of experts last year to examine, on the spot, the working of the Gothenburg and Norwegian systems of licensing the liquor traffic. The commission reported strongly in favor of the latter, and a bill has accordingly been prepared for submission to the legislature. The bill is in an optional form, permitting any city or town that may vote for license to adopt the Norwegian method. The status of communities voting for prohibition is not interfered with, and the condition of acceptance of the system by towns and cities is that it shall continue in use for three years. The chief feature of the system is that it provides for the organization of a corporation to conduct the business in each municipality. The profits, beyond a return of 5 per cent on the capital invested, are to go to the aid of objects of public benefit or utility, such as indus-

trial education, coffee houses and reading rooms, parks, hospitals, etc., as may be determined by the share holders.

The Massachusetts bill furnishes an interesting item of study, but it is not likely that it will be adopted in our State, since the present laws form a very essential element of relief in municipal taxation. The city of Pittsburgh, for instance, derived last year nearly \$400,000 from the licenses granted within her limits.

PATRON'S PICNIC 1894.

The Committee on Patrons picnic of Central Pa., appointed at the late meeting of the Centre county Pomona grange, met at Centre Hall on Saturday the 3rd inst., and organized by electing Leonard Rhone, chairman; George Dale, secretary; and J. J. Arney, treasurer. The chairman appointed the following chiefs of departments: John Dauberman, superintendent of grounds; George Dale, superintendent of exhibits; George Gingrich, superintendent of the live stock department. The committee not all being present the chairman was authorized to appoint the remaining heads of departments at his earliest convenience.

The committee agreed on the week of the 17th of Sept. as the time of holding the next annual encampment and exhibition. The committee has already had overtures for the exhibition of live stock from eminent breeders in the State. The auditorium is to be completed in the early part of the Summer and other improvements were placed in the hands of the chairman and superintendent of the grounds. Dr. Hollingsworth, of Hagerstown, Md., waited upon the committee and offered to open a school of instruction in the care and management of horses free to all, who may have horses to train.

The committee has already agreed upon other improvements in the exhibition, giving daily stock parades and other entertainment. The entertainments in the auditorium which are to be arranged for by the chairman will be, it is promised, of the highest order.

THE CONSISTENCY OF IT.

The Marshal of the District of Columbia has received hundreds of applications for seats at the trial of the case of Madeline Pollard against Congressman Breckinridge. It is perfectly safe to say that these come from those who are known as "good people," and while it is not said it may be assumed, from women as well as men, for the newspapers have often reported the blunders of women at court trials to which they were attracted by curiosity. Among those hundreds of good people are those who beyond doubt have often denounced newspapers for reporting what they are struggling with the Marshal to get tickets to hear. It would be unjust to say that they were prompted in this by a fondness for the unclean; they are not, but by an interest which is perfectly natural and even human. A tale of wrong and suffering draws by means of the sympathy it excites. If it is proper for good people to go and hear such a tale, they ought not to condemn newspapers so harshly for telling it. If the newspapers are wrong it is often easy for them to point to those who set the bad example. That the case in question involves the honor of a Congressman makes no more difference morally than if it involved the honor of the obscurest man in the land. Consistency is a jewel and that is why it is so rare.

—Lock Haven is still moving towards the electric railroad to Mill Hall, but the project is as yet very indefinite.

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SWIFT'S SPECIFIC. I contracted a severe case of blood poison that untied me for business for four years. A few bottles of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) cured me. J. C. JONES, City Marshal, Fulton, Arkansas. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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Our method of introducing Prof. Harris' Pastille treatment is one which commends itself to all sensible persons—for the reason that we supply it upon their judgment of the value. We ask of our patrons nothing in the way of expense beyond a postal card and a two cent postage stamp. The postal card to be sent in return for their full address and the postage stamp for the letter returning the statement of their condition. We will supply them with a question blank, to be filled out and an envelope addressed to ourselves for use in returning it when filled.

When we receive the statement on blank we prepare a "Pastille" day's treatment and forward it by mail and prepaid postage (three-cent) and along with it a "question blank" for the patient to fill out and return to us. We send full directions for its use. The treatment is a simple one, and causes no pain or inconvenience in any way.

We are so positive that this method of perfect satisfaction that we leave the matter of sending orders entirely with those using the free trial treatment. Having satisfied themselves of the value of the treatment, we feel that they are more largely interested in our cure than in the price of the Pastille. Even then we do not attempt to rob them by demanding high prices. On the contrary, we make the price as low as possible, and the same to all. They are as follows: \$3 for one month; \$5 for two months; \$7 for three.

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SHORN OF THEIR HORNS.

An Operation Necessary to Render Vicious Young Buck Deer Harmless.

Five vigorous young buck deer at the zoo are harmless as a result of operations with lasso and meat saw by Director Smith and his six assistants. Bucks with horns, hard horns, are dangerous to the lives of their mates, their keepers and themselves. Everything about them in their quarters shows the effect of rough usage, even the trees, fences and ground. All the trees in the enclosure have to be protected by iron railings. Otherwise their lives would be torn out by the wicked deer.

Ordinarily a buck's horns are allowed to grow until nature sheds them. If the animals are of a particularly good disposition, this is allowable. But in most cases they become vicious as soon as the velvet has dried and worn off their antlers, and they become dangerous.

The first thing necessary in relieving a buck of his horns is to catch the buck. In an enclosure a lasso is resorted to, by which, quick with the eye and leg. All the keepers went to the two fallow deer paddocks armed with lassos. Some were as efficient as cowboys. Others resorted to the dodge net, getting behind trees as the bucks dashed for them, full of flight, stamping their feet in righteous rage.

Five beautiful fallow deer occupied the paddock. One was so fat that the director hesitated about catching it. But as it was the worst of the lot it had to undergo the operation. So much for a bad disposition.

Keeper Snyder laid his plans for that one first. The buck, with lowered head and distorted nostrils, charged the keeper. Snyder dodged and swung his lariat. It missed and fell on the animal's back. Another dash, this time for the other keepers. All got out of the way. One more swing by Snyder, and the loop fell over the buck's horns. A tug-of-war resulted. Keepers Snyder, Holmes, Warren and Cook on one end of the rope and the buck on the other.

Slowly the buck was drawn up to a tree until its antlers went around both sides. Snyder and Warren then seized its legs, and as the animal jumped back threw it. All four of its legs were tied underneath, as a calf is treated on going to market in a farm buggy. The buck's struggles were fearful, and with its coating of blood and froth appeared at its nostrils. After being secured Keeper Shannon produced a common meat saw, and in two minutes the noble animal had been shorn of its adornments.

It was so weak when released that after a couple of terrible bounds it landed flat on the ground and panted and heaved. While it was recovering the others underwent the same operation. Invariably whenever a keeper threw the animal round and in to the air six feet, and the noise fell short. Three thousand spectators saw the battle and cheered the men on.

In one of the buck's charges Keeper Holmes' knee was badly bruised by a blow from the animal's hoofs. If the blow had been square, his leg might have been broken. When released, the bucks bounded away to the iron fence, their heads striking it 10 feet above the ground, only to fall and recover themselves for another charge. One got his head between the bars, and it being a tight fit the whole fence shook as it tugged and jerked. It seemed as if it would break its neck. Instead, the iron bars, an inch in diameter, bent aside and allowed the head to escape. Another buck charged with such abandon that its nose bled.

The first one clipped was in a bad way for some time. The keepers had to carry it to the house, where it lay fainting and unable to rise. Mr. Smith said the fat had accumulated to such an extent about the animal's heart that the action of that organ was materially affected, and as in the case of an over-fat person great excitement was liable to produce heart failure.—New York World.

A Foretaste of Death.

A foreboding affecting its subject as with a foretaste of death was that recorded by Charles Mackay of his friend, Mr. Ingram, founder of the London Illustrated News. Traveling together in Switzerland, the two were witnesses one night in Chamounix of one of the thunderstorms that rage with such appalling grandeur and those mountainous regions. Mackay's raptures over the scene were checked by seeing his friend crouched in a corner on the floor, his face pale, his hair on end with terror. The procyonism was succeeded by unconsciousness, on recovering from which he told Mackay how, ever since he could remember, he had been possessed of this unaccountable and utterly uncontrollable horror of a thunderstorm.

Some eight years later Mr. Ingram was crossing Lake Michigan when the steamer was run into by a sailing vessel, and amid a scene of terror and confusion, it being night and a violent thunderstorm raging, crew and passengers were precipitated into the waters. As it was five hours before Ingram's body, still warm with recent life, was washed ashore, he must have been struggling all that time—an eternity of suffering to one like him—in the dark, tempestuous waters beneath the lightning riven sky.—London Tit-Bits.

Washing Cooking Utensils.

Sometimes the most careful washing will not wholly remove the flavor or odor of food from the utensil in which it was cooked. This is frequently the case with fish, onions, cabbage, etc., but there is a remedy which may be a little trouble and yet is well worth trying.

After any of these articles have been cooked wash the utensil carefully with soap and water. Now nearly fill it with cold water, and for each quart of water add about a tablespoonful of dissolved washing soda. Place on the fire and let the water get boiling hot. Now turn this water into the sink. Rinse the utensil with clean warm water, and on wiping it dry it will be found perfectly sweet.—Exchange.

Knew His Step.

"Did you know that I passed your door last evening?" said the young man tenderly.

"Of course," replied the beautiful girl, with reproach in her glistening eyes. "Do you not think I would know your step?"

"Certainly," said the happy young man as he directed the conversation away from the subject and avoided remarking that he had passed the door in a cab.—Chicago Record.

Mohammed.

Mohammed was epileptic. He persistently claimed to be a messenger from God, receiving his first revelation at the age of 42. He lost his father in infancy and his mother in childhood; was a traveling merchant and married a wealthy widow 15 years older than himself. His revelations began with visions in sleep. He used to live alone in a cave. He had interviews with the angel Gabriel.—New York Times.

Peerless.

"Your daughter is without a peer."
"Yes, I took her over to England, but she failed to catch one."—Pittsburg Post.

TOUGH POLO PONY.

HOW THE HARDY ANIMAL FARES AMONG COLORADO'S FOOTHILLS.

The Transformation in Appearance and Value That Takes Place After the Little Brute Is Fitted For Approval by Newport's Heavy Swells.

The sun is beating pitilessly down on the brown foothills of Colorado, for it is high noon, and the month is August.

A pony mare, dun in color and only just 14 hands in height, is moving about uneasily, evidently weary, anxious and watchful. Her coat is rough, her ribs show gauntly, and her hoofs are innocent of shoes. Altogether the little mare is not an attractive animal, yet were a horseman to pass by and cast, as he undoubtedly would, a second glance at the pony, he would be sure to see some rare good points in her makeup.

She has a good, intelligent head, fair shoulders, a roomy middle piece and most excellent legs—hard, clean and without the least sign of splint or spavin. Her meanest point is a poor quarter. She is also somewhat goose rumped. Although it might be difficult to prove it, for stud books are not kept very carefully on the ranches, she has a drop of the desert blood, her grand sire being a half bred, imported by an English ranchman somewhere in the '70's.

The air is growing hotter each minute. For as the eye can reach is the same sun baked, rolling expanse of dried buffalo grass. The mare moves toward a stunted patch of sage bush scrub, and in a second or two has come to where a little foal, scarcely more than a few hours old, is lying in the shade. She does not go very far away, for the lean wolf and hungry coyote would soon make short work of her offspring did they not know that a kick from even an unshod hoof will pulverize the stoutest wolf that ever prowled the plains.

The poor little immature thing would, were it born in the east instead of in the west, be the object of tender solicitude to numerous stablemen, and its every want would be supplied, but here, among the foothills, it will have to be built of pretty good timber to stand the strain of existence. The nearest water is five miles away, and yet that distance will have to be traversed every time the dam has to drink, and even now she cannot resist the temptation much longer.

With a low whinny the gentle creature calls the youngster, and as it comes gambolling up she starts in direction which her instinct tells her will be a bee line to the nearest spring—a dirty, muddy pool, rolled by cattle, and a favorite haunt of the hungry coyote.

The mare and foal reach their destination in safety, and each day the same dreary path has to be traversed and retraversed. It is any wonder that the western pony is tough and enduring? Muscles of steel and bones of iron. When in after life the gallant little beast is carried a heavy load rider in some cup match at Newport, Cedarhurst or Wenhams, it is more child's play compared with the daily struggle for existence when a foal.

In due season the foal becomes a colt and is taken into the corral of the ranch to which it belongs. Naturally docile, though spirited, it happily gets broken without becoming "mean," though, seeing that Singlefoot Mike did the breaking after his usual rough and ready fashion, this is something to be wondered at.

Ridden at the annual roundup, and also at the usual routine work of the ranch by one of the boys, the dun colt, or as it is now called, buckskin, eventually becomes one of the handiest ponies owned by the outfit, and being naturally gifted with a very fair turn of speed, owing to the diluted but still potent drop of desert blood inherited from the imported great-grand sire, finally attracts the attention of the boss and becomes his own special favorite mount.

The dun pony is now just 5 years old, 14 hands high, and just the stamp to catch a polo player's eye. One fine day Outaway, the noted horse dealer, comes along, on the lookout for anything that will sell for a good price at Newport. He has an almost unlimited order for really good geldings, but cannot sell more than half a dozen manes during the season, as the eastern players will have nothing to do with them as a rule, much to the bewilderment of the cow punchers, who consider, and rightly enough, that the mare is usually more enduring, quicker and handier than the horse or gelding.

Outaway notes the buckskin at a glance, and although he is far too astute to let on inwardly determines to have the little beggar. What he knows that he will be amply able to give any sum likely to be demanded by the boss, and still make a handsome profit on the transaction when he gets to Newport.

The scene now shifts a couple of thousand miles to the eastward. The dun was purchased for \$150, and it cost another \$25 to put him where he is—in a comfortable but unpretentious stable in the rear of the Ocean House. A probable purchaser is expected; the little in the stall is changed, the pony given a final rubdown, his tail has been docked before starting for the east, and in the sleek, neatly groomed little nag no one would recognize the shaggy, ill kept brute of two months before.

A dogcart stops at the stable door, a dapper groom jumps to the cob's head, and Charley Heavywell alights to have a look at Outaway's latest bit of equine property. What he knows that he will be amply able to give any sum likely to be demanded by the boss, and still make a handsome profit on the transaction when he gets to Newport.

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He is languidly pleased at the dun pony and directs that it be sent down to the polo field about 8 p. m., so that it may have a chance to throw a leg over it before the match begins.

The pony acquires himself so creditably for a green un that Outaway sets the price at \$300 and gets a check for that amount before the week is out—something that does not always happen when a Newport man is the buyer, but Charley Heavywell's pocketbook is a capacious one, and for a man who controls two or three railroads he is uncommonly free with his money.

After this the dun pony's existence is like that of hundreds of other western ponies that have been brought east to play polo. His counterparts may be seen three times a week at Wenhams, Hingham, Newport or Rockaway. They are always good, hardy, little beasts and rarely sick or lorry.—Boston Herald.

Things Would Be Different.

Proud Young Woman—No. I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man in the world.

Proud Youth (rejoiced but not crushed)—You can bet your sweet life you wouldn't! I'd have too good an assortment to select from.—Chicago Tribune.

PIGS IN THE WALL.

A Curious Glimpse of Life in a Vineyard Town of Sunny France.

A French lady traveling in America recently declared when some friends apologized for a certain suburban tract in their town—peopled ungraciously by squatters, pigs and goats promiscuously housed—that the sight was not unfamiliar to her—indeed it was welcome and refreshing, because it reminded her of home.

She went on to explain that although she had long lived in Paris her birthplace was a remote little country village, very ancient and surrounded by the remains of a defensive wall of great strength and massiveness.

In the poorer part of the town, where the backs of the houses were placed against this wall, it became customary to dig into its thickness a cool and convenient room, which was used as something between a cellar and a shed. But a house burned down one day, leaving the stone room exposed, and a family of vagrants passing that way saw it, explored it and finally settled in it. Other squatters soon took the hint and dug for themselves stone rooms without taking the pains to build houses. It was not many months before the whole wall was honeycombed with caves of masonry, in which men, women, children, pigs, dogs, cats and goats lived promiscuously together.

"The scene which, if I had been a painter, I should have most ardently wished to paint," said this dainty Parisian, "was one which I beheld in this cavern."

"It was only a family group gathered near the fire while supper was being prepared. There was the big father with his cap pulled low on his forehead; the mother stirring the black kettle which hung on a stick across the fire of fagots; the old grandmother crunched in a corner making lace on a pillow. Lace! Yes, lace, to come out of that black, dingy hole. There were a half dozen of bareheaded boys hanging about, sniffing and peeping hungrily. Then, right in the foreground, was a girl and a pig. Such a girl, and such a pig! The beast was tall, lean, sharp of spine, long of snout, black, hideous, with rough bristles and little gleaming eyes, more like a wild dog than the porker! And the girl! She was wild, too, but beautiful, with dreamy eyes and a great gold braid of hair.

"Above them were the smoky roof, and the firelight, and the great square blocks of stone. I would have named my picture 'Poverty,' for that is the enemy that no city wall can exclude, and in my town it burrows in the very walls themselves."

This is indeed a curious glimpse of life in a vineyard town of sunny France. But the narrator, when asked if it were exceptional, shook her head and answered, smiling:

"Not in my part of the country. There are many little towns with great walls, and in the walls there are people and pigs! Oh, so many pigs!"—Youth's Companion.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

TO HAVE HEALTHY LIVER MUST BE IN ORDER

DR. SANFORD'S

LIVER

INVIGORATOR

Cures thousands annually of Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Malaria, More Ills result from an Unhealthy Liver than any other cause. Why suffer when you can be cured? Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator is a celebrated family medicine. Building Edition, monthly, \$1.00 a year. Single copy, 25 cents. Sold by dealers or by mail. YOUR DRUGGIST WILL SUPPLY YOU.

PIANO

Tuning and Repairing.

J. J. LEJEAL,

Of Erie, Pa., will be here fore part of October. Orders left at Bush House will receive prompt attention. 24-35-47

DEAFNESS HEAD NOISE CURED

By PECK'S INVISIBLE TUBULAR EAR CUSHIONS. Whispers heard. Comfortable. Successful where all fail. Ill. book and proofs free. Address F. HISCOX, 654 Bldg., N. Y. 14-47

GRATEFUL COMFORTING.

EPPE'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST-SUPPER.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage which may save us much trouble and expense. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal ailment by a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold by all first-class grocers. JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

CLOTHES REPAIRED AND CLEANED.

I have opened a shop at corner of Allegheny and Howard streets, in old law office next door to residence of John P. Linn. I am prepared to do repairing and cleaning of clothes. Orders by mail promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a trial.

CHARLES MCCLELLAN.

CHATTERBOX.

THE KING OF JUVENILES. No book ever been made for young people which compares in value, or has had one-tenth the sale of this great success. Millions of copies have been sold. The new volume for 1894 is just ready, and has over 200 large and entirely new illustrations, several new stories, each a book in itself, and hundreds of short stories, anecdotes, etc. The best Xmas present possible for boys and girls of all ages. Order from your grocer or dealer in ESTES & LAURIE, PUBLISHERS BOSTON

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PISO'S CURE FOR

CHILLS WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS. Cures Malaria, Biliousness, Indigestion, in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Prostration, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately these goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the base of so many ills that here is where we make our great head. Our pills cure it where others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In each bottle 50 cents. Live for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 50 cents.

Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price.

DO YOU COUGH

DON'T DELAY

KEMP'S

BALSAM

THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Croup, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A sure cure for Consumption in its early stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers or by mail. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

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GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

It Never fails to Cure—MANNERS

DOUBLE EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.

DR. THEEL 1317 Arch St.

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NERVOUS DEBILITY

LOST MANHOOD

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Errors of Youth BLOOD POISON

Cured in 30 to 60 days. Hours 9-5; Eve 5-8; Wed. and Sat. 4-10; Sun. 9-12. Write or call.

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Successor of the "Unabridged."

Ten years spent in revising 100 editors employed, and more than \$300,000 expended.

Everybody should own this Dictionary. It answers all questions concerning the history, spelling, pronunciation, and meaning of words.

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The often desired information concerning eminent persons; facts concerning the countries, cities, towns, and natural features of the globe; particulars concerning noted scientific persons and places; translation of foreign quotations and words; and proverbial, etc., etc.

This Work is Invaluable in the household, and to the teacher, scholar, professional man, and self-educator.

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CANN'S KIDNEY CURE

Cures Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Gravel, Neuritis, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases. Known by a tired, languid feeling; inaction of the kidneys weakens and poisons the blood and unless cause is removed you cannot have health. Cured me over five years ago of Bright's Disease and Dropsy.—Nels. L. C. MILLER, Bethlehem, Pa. 1,000 other similar testimonials. Try it. Cure guaranteed. CANN'S KIDNEY CURE CO., 720 Twenty-Eighth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Sold by All Reliable Druggists. 24, 16, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100.

Pennsylvania Railroad.

Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at \$1.50 per annum BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

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Three inches.....	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30
Four inches.....	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40
Quarter column.....	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12
Half column.....	24	24	24	24	24	24	24	24	24	24	24	24
One column.....	36	36	36	36	36	36	36	36	36	36	36	36

All advertisements whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisements at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Styles For Children: Dresses: Wraps: Ladies Jackets: Cloaks: Silk Waists.

Little girls' dresses are to a great extent miniatures of those of their elders, more decided color contrasts are noticeable however, which for little people is always advantageous. Gored or full skirts are optional, length remaining about the same; shoulders very fully trimmed with ruffles, cape effects in velvet, vest or added basques, not infrequently cut in points, or full straight round double pieces below a velvet belt. Round, colored satin yokes closely shirred or of plain satin with rows of cora lace put on flat, and revers extending all around the shoulders are effective styles of trimming. In the way of outdoor garments, a long cloak having a fancy plaited shoulder cape and collar above, called a "Gretchen" is used for children from four to eight, and from four to twelve, "Reefers" also, with broad square collars, immense revers, drooping sleeves and umbrella back are very stylish then the regular jacket comes for those who are older. The little ones are well provided with all sorts of dainty garments, among which is a nainsook short dress, with a round yoke of hemstitched tucks, ruffled with fine embroidery; the cuffs tucked and ruffled, and the skirt is full with a deep hem. Price \$1.00. A little day robe has the fullness gathered to the neck band, and falls in wide, full folds, with neck and sleeves edged by embroidery. Price 65 cts.

FOR BABY BOYS

from two to three years old, a suit of blue and white striped Galates, consisting of plaited skirt, jacket with rolling collar, turned back cuffs and white lawn blouse waist, trimmed throughout with fine embroidery, is especially adapted to the interval between frocks and trousers. Prices from \$2.65, \$5.00 and \$6.65. For boys from four to ten years of age, nothing is better suited for school or general wear, than a \$5.00 "Norfolk" suit of fancy striped or mixed Cheviot. An illimitable variety is brought about in wash suits of Galates, Cheviot, crills, ducks, Madras cloths or Bedford cords by stripes of all colors or sizes, used in combination with plain material, set off by braiding or buttons. This information is the result of a visit to Best's Lilliputian Bazaar in West 23rd St.—a place devoted exclusively to the manufacture of children's wear and mothers who cannot visit it in person, will get the best idea of what children are wearing, by sending to them for a Spring catalogue.

GREEN, BLUE, TAN OR BLACK

are the stylish shades for ladies' Spring jackets, which are of light weight, shorter than those of the past season, but quite as full at the back, with moire or beaded revers as large as they can possibly be made and drooping sleeves. An intermixture of black is very popular, jet beads, black braid or black moire sleeves. Next to black, brown is the favorite color for Spring cloaks, which are quite full and short, having collars, upper capes or platings of moire, or lace and moire combined, and it may be safely asserted that black moire is the basis of stylish in all departments of Fashion.

A FULL RECHING OF

black Brussels net edged by narrow black satin ribbon with two or three rows above, in Loie Fuller style, trims a brown cloth cape very stylishly; a cluster of jet spangles, and one of jet pendants alternating, forming a dashing "all over" garniture for a black lace cape effects and bretelles probably be used to such an extent that distinct outlines are simply impossible. Silk and other independent waists are in extreme favor, made largely of changeable silk with a small figure, and skirts, straight around belts, or pointed waists are the three prominent styles.

VERONA CLARK.

OUR TIMBER LANDS.

Out of 23,425,000 acres which compose the entire area of Pennsylvania, the latest assessors' lists of the different countries report only 8,355,000 acres, or 35 per cent as timber land. From this total probably 25 per cent can be deducted for land which is now in sprouts, has been burnt over, etc., leaving as the

total area upon which merchantable timber is found about 6,200,000 acres, or between 26 and 27 per cent of the total. This is certainly a great falling off from the original condition of the state.

TRAPPING TRAIN ROBBERS.

Trainmen Given the Tip and Expect to Bag the Whole Gang.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., March 13.—The following story was gleaned from passengers arriving on the "Cannon Ball" this evening from Texarkana: A plan to rob the International and Great Northern northbound express at McNeill's switch, near Round Rock, Tex., at 2 o'clock this morning, was frustrated by one of the gang losing his nerve. The plan to rob the train has been brewing for a week. The railroad officials were given a tip that it was to occur last night, and the whole train was heavily guarded.

At Austin one of the gang boarded the train, intending to ask the conductor to stop at McNeill. As the train approached McNeill, the conductor signalled to slacken speed, expecting to be flagged, but the robber aboard had discovered the officers and failed to give the signal to attack the train. He was, however, so closely questioned by the officers that he confessed the plot, and agreed to help trap the gang to-night. He was ordered to tell them that there was a company of rangers aboard last night, but to stop the train to-night, when they will be given a repetition of the St. Joseph, Mo., reception.

Oh woman, lovely woman, why will you suffer so.

Why bear such pain and anguish, and agony of woe?

Why don't you seek the remedy—the one that's all the go?

"All the go," because it makes the pains go. As an invigorating, restorative tonic, soothing cordial and bracing nerve, for debilitated and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has no equal. It improves digestion, invigorates the system, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, produces refreshing sleep, dispels melancholy and nervousness, and builds up both the flesh and strength of those reduced below a healthy standard. Don't be put off with some worthless compound, easily but dishonestly recommended to be "just as good," that the dealer may make more profit. "Favorite Prescription" is incomparable.

A NEW COAL ROAD.

The Clearfield and Conemaugh Railroad with a capital of \$135,000 was chartered at Harrisburg yesterday. The line will be 60 miles long, and will run from Belsano to Johnstown, where it will connect with the Baltimore and Ohio road. Among the directors are J. M. Cooper, G. D. Prentice and C. H. Sackrider, of Pittsburgh. J. M. Guffey is also interested.

At first it was suspected the road was part of the Beech Creek plan of extension to Pittsburgh, but the local people deny it. It will be an independent line, and is intended to develop the coal resources of the county through which it passes.

Senator S. J. M. McCarrel, of Harrisburg, is President. B. F. Meyers and David Fleming, of the same city, are directors.

Never talk when others are singing or doing anything else for your amusement, and never, the instant they have finished, begin to talk upon a different topic.



Wm. Johnson
Normanville, Pa.

Injured While Coasting
Impure Blood Asserts Itself

But Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures the Disease and Restores Health.

"G. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: "During the winter of 1887, I was injured on one limb while coasting. It did not trouble me much at first, but soon became more painful, my strength began to decline and I could not rest at night. I was attended by several different doctors but all failed to check the trouble and I grew rapidly worse. Early in 1890 I had to use crutches and my health was very poor, having lost my appetite and being reduced in flesh. In the fall of 1891 I had to take to my bed and it was long.

I Would Not Live until spring. During all this time I had tried many different medicines but did not get relief. In the meantime to give me relief, the several bunches around my knee were lanced and later every effort made to heal the running sores but all in vain. Then it was, while confined to my bed last spring, that my father, having read much about the merits of Hood's Sarsaparilla,

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

decided to have me give it a trial. I have taken it regularly, using nearly ten bottles. All the sores but two are healed and those are nearly well. I have thrown away my crutches as I can walk, go to school and do some work. I have a good appetite and real good health and have increased in weight very much. Hood's Sarsaparilla has been a blessing to me." WILLIAM JOHNSON, Normanville, Pennsylvania.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic, gentle and effective. Try a box 25 cents.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S HERO.

Col. Wm. Sillowaye, Whom Secretary Stanton Called the Greatest Hero of the War, Cured by Dr. Greene's Nervura Blood and Nerve Remedy.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. Hon. Ex-Speaker Charles J. Noyes of the Massachusetts Senate and House of Representatives has been cured by this remarkable medicine, and now we report the extraordinary cure of the illustrious Col. Wm. A. H. Sillowaye, one of the most noted officers of the war, of whom Secretary Stanton and Secretary Wells said in conference with President Lincoln: "Col. Sillowaye saved President Lincoln's life, and we consider him as great a hero as any in the service."



COL. WM. A. H. SILLOWAYE.

use—I grew worse day after day. They told me I could not live. I could not walk alone in the street without falling or clinging to the railings. At times I would shake and twitch. Had spells of falling down in the office and on the street.

"In the house I had to lie down or drop down; several times I believed I was at death's door. I had been commander of three different G. A. R. Posts, and my comrades advised me to try Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. I bought a bottle and when I had taken two thirds of it I began to improve.

"I kept on taking it, improving all the time. I now weigh 130 pounds and feel like my old self again. You can put it in your paper that I attribute my good health to nothing but Dr. Greene's Nervura. I am perfectly satisfied that it saved my life. I am 75 years of age, but, as you can see for yourself, I am as active as a man of 40 and can do a good day's work, as people here well know. My friends in Boston, New York and other places are surprised at my recovery. Indeed, I am surprised myself to be so well. I advise anybody afflicted to buy and try Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy at once."

Such an astounding cure as this in so prominent a personage as Col. Sillowaye, the personal friend of the President of the United States, Secretary Stanton and Secretary Wells, of President Lincoln's

DOCTORS DISCOURAGED, RELIEF FOUND.

Mr. C. E. Bartholomew, Kalkaska, Mich., writes: "I am as certain as I now live, that Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy saved my life when I was a victim of Bright's disease." If you are suffering from Bright's disease, diabetes, or any urinary trouble, you should use this only cure.

"I had been troubled since 1860," writes S. N. Arnold, of Rochester, N. Y., "with gravel and catarrh of the bladder. Tried several doctors, but got no relief. Upon advice, I used Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. The result was marvelous; a few bottles, entirely cured me."

DO YOU WANT EMPLOYMENT?

Over 60,000 copies of "Samantha at the World's Fair" (cloth, \$2.50; half Russia \$1.00), have been sold in the last three months. It is the best thing of the season and sells on sight. Here is an opportunity to make \$25 to \$50 a week selling it. Ladies as successful as men. Such a handsome book you will be proud to show to anyone. Has 700 pages bursting with fun, wisdom, and information about the great Fair. The 100 and more illustrations by the famous caricaturist, Baron C. DeGrimo, are comical to a degree. The Public Ledger, Philadelphia, says: "It is a piece of pure fun from beginning to end, but many a true word is spoken." The American Grocer,

New York, says: "It will drive away the blues, mitigate hard times, enliven the household, make merriment, and diffuse good cheer around the fireside." All over the country it meets with a like enthusiastic reception. No trouble at all to sell it, and there are large profits on all sales. We want once agents in "Centre County, who mean business. We will give this splendid opportunity to earn a handsome income to those who apply first. As soon as you have read this notice, sit down and write to us for terms to agents. Don't let somebody else get ahead of you in your locality. Address, Agency Department, Funk & Wagnalls Company, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York.



Everybody requires a spring medicine and this is just what you need. Thousands of people, while not exactly sick, are out of order, weak, nervous, run down or ailing in some way. Many people this season do not eat or sleep well, wake morning tired, with bad taste in the mouth, dull feeling head and without strength or energy to take hold of their work. Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy will cure all this; it will make you well. It is the discovery of Dr. Greene, of 35 West 14th Street, New York City, the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. He can be consulted free, personally or by letter.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

In all diseases of the nasal mucous membrane the remedy used must be non-irritating. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished with douches, snuffs, powders or astringents, because they are irritating, do not thoroughly reach the affected surfaces and should be abandoned as worse than failures. A multitude of persons who had for years borne all the worry and pain that catarrh can inflict testify to radical and permanent cures wrought by Ely's Cream Balm. Your druggist has it.

"I had salt rheum and have been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. J. R. Kime, 180 South Bromley Street, Scranton, Pa.

ST. JACOBS OIL

CURES PERMANENTLY Rheumatism.

THE TRACK OF PROGRESS.

In all the scientific advancement which has been made there is nothing which has attracted more attention and certainly nothing which is of more vital consequence to all than that which has been made in the treatment of disease. There are thousands of sick persons and invalids all over the country who have until recently been unable to avail themselves of the most scientific medical aid. Through the thoughtfulness and kindness of that great benefactor of mankind, Dr. Greene, of 35 West 14th Street, New York, all those who are suffering from any form of disease may avail themselves of this great system of treating and curing disease all over the land through letter correspondence. People can consult him by letter absolutely free of charge. Dr. Greene is the most successful specialist in curing all nervous and chronic diseases; he is the discoverer of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. He gives most careful and explicit attention to all letters received by him and writes the patient a full description of the case. The Doctor uses nothing but harmless vegetable remedies and has had wonderful success in curing disease through letter correspondence. Send for one of his symptom blanks and he will write you a full description of your disease and give you advice in regard to its cure, free of charge.

I cheer, I help, I strengthen, I aid, I gladden the heart of man and maid, I set constipation captive free. And all are better for taking me.

Thus spoke one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. (They are pills that speak for themselves.) Very small, very nice to take, produce no nausea or griping, yet are most effective in all cases of constipation, bilious or sick headache, or deranged liver. Only 25 cents a vial, at druggists. A perfect vest-pocket medicine.

THE FIGHT GOES ON.

HARRISBURG, March 12.—George E. Kepple, of Pittsburgh, National Councilor of the Order of Daughters of Liberty, arrived from New York this evening, and to-morrow will consult Deputy Attorney General Stranahan as to the rights of nuns to appear as teachers in the Riverside School in the regular habilitations.

Mr. Kepple has been in New York and several of the New England States and declares that everywhere great interest was shown in the fight being made against the appearance of these women in the garb of nuns. He says there is no other objection to them as teachers except the belief that a portion of the State appropriation is divided by these teachers with the church, which is a violation of the Constitution of the State, which prohibits the appropriation of public moneys for sectarian purposes.

As showing the unwisdom of the countenancing such disposition of the funds of the Commonwealth he says in New York State \$7,000,000 have been used for sectarian purposes, of which Catholic institutions received \$5,600,000.

It is generally conceded by all who have tried it and their "name is legion," that Salvation Oil is the best liniment in the market to-day. It is compounded only of the best ingredients, and is guaranteed to be positively pure. 25 cts.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Growth in knowledge is the only cure for self conceit.

A fool empties his head every time he opens his mouth.

Are you making any plans that reach beyond this life?

When you bid your sin goodbye, don't shake hands with it.

Much bending breaks the bow; much unbending the mind.

There is nothing more beautiful on earth or in heaven than love.

Weakness on both sides is, as we know, the trait of all quarrels.

The best remedy for self conceit is to be well introduced to yourself.

Be grateful for your blessings and it will make your trials look small.

It is much easier to be contented without riches than it is with them.

Don't talk much about yourself when you want to be listened to with profit.

People who are wrong in their thinking are sure to be wrong in their everyday life.

—Sheriff John P. Condo was called upon to-day to make a trip to Pennsylvania to replevin a wagon but he was in doubt when he started whether he would come back with a wagon or a hearse, as the man in whose possession the wagon was declared that if the Sheriff undertook to take it there would be bloodshed, and lots of it. In case of an emergency, however, the Sheriff took deputy T. J. Dunkle with him as a body guard. Of course, we have not yet learned the result, but if there is to be a funeral we will announce it to-morrow.

For sour stomach and all other conditions resulting from constipation, go by the book on Beecham's pills.

Book free, pills 25c. At drugstores; or write to B F Allen Co, 365 Canal st, New York.

AMONG THE STUDENTS.

Monday afternoon's rhetorical work in the High School began with a song entitled "All hail the summer," rendered with all the vigor of spring by the school. This was followed by a complete program of literary talent, as follows:

Declaration, Alfred Irvin.
Essay, "Ferris Wheel," Wallace Reeder.
Recitation, Harry Smith.
Essay, "Books," Henry Thomas.
Recitation, Olive Steele.
Essay, "Winter Sports," Clara Cole.
Recitation, Verna Smith.
Essay, "Winter Sports," Daisy Smith.
"Mamie Hunter."
Recitation, Lizzie Schofield.
Declaration, Willis Ishler.
"Willis Knox."
Essay, "Art in Greece," Mable Fauble.
Recitation, Sallie Knapp.
Essay, "Snow," Mary Lambert.
Recitation, Myrtle Longacre.
Essay, "Oratory among the Greeks," Lavina Mattern.
Declaration, Gregg Curtin.
Essay, "African slavery in America," Ida Dawson.
Declaration, Wm. McCalmont.
Essay, "The Potato," Della Goodfellow.
Recitation, Lena Baum.
"Mary Underwood."

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At his Yard near the Passenger Station sells only

THE BEST QUALITIES

OF

Anthracite, Bituminous & Woodland

COAL

Also, All kinds of

Grain, Baled Hay, Straw, Wood, Etc.

Superior Screenings for Lime

Burning, Builders' and Plasterers' Sand.

The Royal STOCK FOOD,

For Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Hogs.

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516 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILA.



A superb mammoth tintograph in 12 colors by the distinguished artist, David Humphrey. It is 2 feet long and 14 inches wide and will be sent free if you tell your friends. It is called "Our Victory," and shows a beautiful, dimpled darling child in a warm, rich, fur-lined cloak, basket and umbrella in hand; she pulls the snow covered latch, while her golden hair shimmers in the sunshine, her cheeks blush with health and vigor and her roguish eyes sparkle merrily. Sure to delight you. A copy will be sent free postpaid, if you promise to tell your friends and send 11 cents in stamps or silver for a three months' trial subscription to

THE WHOLE FAMILY,

an illustrated monthly magazine with stories, anecdotes, fashions and all articles of interest by best authors and each question contests monthly. Russell, Pub. Co., 136 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

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1st Day. 10th Day. 20th Day. 30th Day.

THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY

Produces the Above Results in 30 Days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others fail. Young men will regain their lost manhood, and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using VITALIS. It quickly and surely restores Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self abuse or excess and indiscretion. Wards off insanity and consumption. Insist on having VITALIS, no other. Can be carried in vest pocket. By mail, \$1.00 per package, or six for \$5.00, with a positive written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Circular free. Address: CALUMET REMEDY COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

HE MARRIED FOR LOVE.

And Admitted It in Court and Lost His Case.

HONESDALE, Pa., March 12.—It cost young Arthur Richardson, of Hawley village, \$48 recently, besides the cost of a lawsuit, because he testified on the trial of the suit that he married his wife because he loved her. Richardson was an apprentice in the employ of the Hawley Glass Company. About seven months ago he married and went to housekeeping in one of the glass company's tenant houses, where he lived for six months. Then the company brought suit against him for rent for that length of time, at \$8 per month. Richardson's defense to the suit was that when he went to work for the glass company he had no idea of marrying, as he did not feel able to support a wife; but the superintendent of the company was anxious that the employees should be married men, and urged Richardson, as well as others, to marry, offering as inducements six months' rent of a house free and \$10 for the first child born. Richardson finally married and moved into one of the company's houses, supposing that he was to have it rent free for the stated six months. Witnesses for the defense swore that they had married on the representations as to free rent made by the company's superintendent which representations had been carried out, and one apprentice testified that upon a child being born to him he had received the \$10 bounty offered by the company. The case of the defendant would have undoubtedly been won upon the testimony had the glass company had a less astute lawyer. When he cross-examined Richardson he asked him:

"Did you not marry because you loved the girl you made your wife?"

"Yes, sir, I did!" was Richardson's emphatic answer.

"Then, your honor," said the lawyer to the justice, "I submit the point that since this defendant married for love and not because of the offer of house rent free, he cannot enforce the contract."

The justice decided that this admission of the witness was fatal to his case, and gave judgment against him.

IN AN ASYLUM.

Baltimore, Md., March 12.—Thomas Montgomery is alive, notwithstanding a life insurance company of New York, recently paid \$500 insurance on his life under the supposition that he was killed in a railroad wreck near New York last September. Montgomery's sister, Mrs. Ellen Inglesby, of New Haven, Conn., got the money on the policy. She identified the body of some other man as that of her brother.

Montgomery says he left New Haven 18 months ago, and, after a short stay in New York, came to Baltimore. Capt. Lewis, of the Bay View asylum, says Montgomery was admitted there last October. "Tom is here," said the general superintendent of the asylum. "His sister, Mrs. Inglesby, wrote me about two months ago from Connecticut, asking if her brother was here. She said she had heard the story to that effect, but did not believe there was any truth in it, as she felt confident that her brother had been run over by railroad cars in New York last September."

Montgomery said he supposed his sister believed him dead because he had not written to her.

A MURDEROUS LUNATIC.

LATROBE, March 12.—Thomas Rinnegan, a demented man living near here, with his aged parents became violently insane to-day and attacked his mother and crushed her skull with an iron bar. He then kicked and kicked and beat his father in a savage way. Leaving the

AT AN END

—the "female complaints" and weaknesses that make woman's life a misery. They're cured, by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For all the derangements, disorders, and diseases peculiar to the sex, this is the only remedy so certain that it can be guaranteed. If it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.



It's a legitimate medicine for woman, carefully adapted to her delicate organization, and never conflicting with any of her conditions. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions, builds up and invigorates the entire system, and restores health and strength.

Are you weak, nervous and ailing, or "run-down" and overworked? Then it will bring you special help. It's the mother's friend. It lessens pain and insures life of both mother and child.

PRETTY STRONG reasons for trying Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. In the first place, it cures your Catarrh—no matter how bad your case, or of how long standing. It cures. Sold by all dealers in medicines; 50 cents.

had your case, or of how long standing. It cures. Sold by all dealers in medicines; 50 cents.

house he went to a neighbors and commenced to demolish the furniture. A crowd of men attracted by the tumult entered the house and attempted to overpower the maniac. He fought desperately and not until he was shot in the face and a dozen men rushed in upon him was Rinnegan overpowered. His parents may die from the effect of the assault he made upon them.

BRIGGSISM REVIVED.

New York, March 12.—The New York Presbytery met to-day at the Fourth Avenue Church. The old question of Dr. Briggs and his methods came to the surface over the question of taking five young men who are studying for the ministry under the care of the Presbytery.

"Are they not in attendance at the Union Theological Seminary?" Dr. Scherer asked.

The question was put and three of them answered that they were. Half a dozen members were on their feet at once. "Would it not be well," someone asked, "to take them under our care and advise them afterward?"

"That would put them out of our reach," Dr. Scherer said.

Dr. John Hall called upon the members to act in a spirit of brotherly love and Christian charity.

"Hear!" heard ejaculated Dr. Hoadley.

"We know where you stand," said Dr. Robinson. "I call for the letter of the law."

The sense of the meeting was evidently in favor of letting the young men study where they pleased, and probing their minds for heresy when they came up for license to preach and they were admitted.

Neighbor, see you not the signal In that loved one's cheek? Heed you not that constant hacking, While the form grows weak? O, delay not, or this dear one Soon death's own will be. You can save her by the use of Pierce's G. M. D.

In other words, get the "Golden Medical Discovery," and rescue this member of your family from consumption, which threatens her. It has saved thousands. According to the doctors it has wrought miracles, for it has cured those whom they pronounced incurable, except by a miracle. It is a truly wonderful remedy. For all bronchial, throat and lung diseases, weak lungs, spitting of blood and kindred ailments, it is a sovereign remedy.

TRAMPS WILL BE WHIPPED.

ELIZABETH, N. J., March 12.—The cat-o'-nine tails is to be revived in Westfield, N. J., and will be applied to unruly tramps. Lately the tramps have become so numerous and so bold in Westfield and other towns along the Central New Jersey road that the residents have demanded special legislation of their town officials.

In Westfield the tramps will be arrested and turned over to the poormaster. The latter will be provided with regulation 50-pound balls with chains, one of which will be fastened to the leg of the tramp, who will then be set at work breaking stone for county roads.

Dodie tramps who work will be released after a few days' services, but those who act unruly will be placed on a grid iron and in the presence of a physician will be flogged with a cat-o'-nine tails. While in charge of the town the tramps will be well fed and at night will be permitted to escape if they can carry the 50 pound ball along.

It forestalls consumption. Miss Sarah E. Willevy, Phillipsburg, N. J., giving her experience writes: "I was troubled for several months with a severe cough, which would have turned to consumption but for the timely use of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup."

DARING BANDIT'S DEED.

CHICAGO, March 12.—When crowds were going home from the Saturday night dances on North Clark street early yesterday morning two masked men entered the saloon under Teller's Hotel, corner of Ontario street, held up the bar tender and every person in the place and secured two watches, the contents of the cash drawer and every cent in the pockets of those present.

The robbers went at their work with the cunning of the cleverest highwaymen. One covered the crowd, while his assistant went to the cash drawer and removed everything in it and bagged a fine gold watch which had been left in care of the proprietor. The other robber then took his turn at the "touching" process. The men passed by him in a row and he removed their valuables with precision. The robbers left the saloon with \$160 in cash, two watches and other jewelry.

77, Dr. Humphreys' new Specific for Grippe, is meeting with a phenomenal sale. A sure cure—almost infallible, curing 99 cases out of 100. For sale by all Druggists.

GOLD IN AN OLD SAFE.

ALLENSTOWN, March 12.—The personal estate of Elias Camp, a rich old bachelor who died some time ago, was being sold today at public auction and among the articles knocked down to bidders was an old safe, which went for \$3.50 to Mattern & Seagraves, plumbers. Before the safe was moved by its owners a boy succeeded in opening it and in one of the drawers was \$600 in gold.

The heirs of Camp claimed and immediately took possession of the money. Mattern & Seagraves objected to them taking the money and claimed that as they had purchased the safe, its contents was theirs. They say they will bring suit for the gold.

Ripans Tabules are always ready.

TORTURED BY PLAYMATES.

A 13-Year-Old Boy Tied to a Stake and His Clothes Fired.

CAMDEN, N. J., March 12.—Tied to a stake and enveloped in flames, Charlie Benny, aged 13 years, was this morning subjected by his playmates to all the horrors of the most brutal Indian tortures. He is now lying in a critical condition on a cot in the Homeopathic Hospital while the three leaders in the alleged fun are locked up at the City Hall. The crime was not premeditated and was apparently merely an outburst of recklessness.

The scene of the tragic event was a large open lot where Benny and three other boys, Frank Eldridge, John Deegan and Thomas Brown, were amusing themselves by tying first one and then another to an old post. When it came to Benny's turn he showed fight, but was tied to a post and a lot of paper and rubbish were piled about him. Eldridge began dancing about him, saying he was going to have a war dance. He asked the other boys if anyone had a match; saying he wanted to set Benny on fire.

Deegan had a match but refused to give it up. Instead he himself lit a piece of paper, which he then says that he threw down and stamped on, but says that Eldridge lit another piece of paper at the flame before it was extinguished and threw it at Benny's feet. Seeing the little fellow in flames scared Deegan, and he began to smother the fire with his coat and had nearly succeeded in putting it out when a colored man rushed up and pulled the burning clothes off. The boys then took their injured playmate to his mother's house and were later arrested.

FIRE AT FALLS CREEK.

A fire at Falls Creek yesterday destroyed six buildings, causing a loss to thirteen persons of \$10,000. The DuBois Courier says:

The fire started in the Deemer building. It was first noticed under the public stairs, where there was a small apartment used for storage in connection with B. F. Harley's hardware store. The building was all of wood and burned so rapidly that nothing was saved by the parties having property in it except that which E. C. Humes removed of his bakery and effects, and he was the only tenant occupying the building at night. The building contained a hardware, bakery, Bangert's Herald office and L. O. O. F. hall, besides Mr. Humes' household effects. Alvin Startzell owned two houses next on the west side and both were burned, and further up on the same side of the street the houses owned and occupied by Mrs. S. A. Carrier and John Carrier were burned, and also one on the other side of the street, opposite the Deemer building, owned by Mrs. Rachel Barber and occupied by her son, Milo Barber, and family. A great deal of difficulty was experienced in saving Dr. Henry's house and office, which were next to Mrs. Barber's property.

A DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.

A very distressing affair happened this morning which has greatly aroused the sympathy of our people. Mrs. Matt Morris and her little daughter Winifred, aged about 9 years, came here Friday from Brisbin to spend a couple days with the family of Mine Inspector D. H. Thomas. This morning the little girl, in company with Cyrus, a little five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, went out in the back yard to play. It seemed they had previously gotten hold of some matches, and without the knowledge of their parents secreted themselves in an out building, and as children usually do, unconscious of the danger they were in, set fire to a bundle of straw. They were unable, it seems, to extricate themselves from the building, and before they were discovered had been so nearly suffocated and badly burned as to show little evidence of life requiring the efforts of several physicians to restore them to consciousness. The life of the little girl may possibly be spared, but the boy's condition is such as to give little or no hope. He has been working in convulsions this afternoon, and while everything possible is being done to save his life, yet the chances are against his recovery.

We sincerely hope both of the little ones may be spared to their anguish-stricken parents.—Monday's Phillipsburg Journal.

Never stop people who are hurrying along the street and detain them for ten or twenty minutes.

"FEAK AND WEEBLE."

A friend of mine had an odd way of mixing her words. Perfectly unconscious of it, she would often make folks laugh. She would speak of feeling "feak and weeble," for weak and feeble, and "castor ill poils," for castor oil pills. But she was weak and feeble, until she took that powerful, invigorating tonic, "Favorite Prescription," which so wonderfully imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For over-worked women, run-down women, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is unequalled. It is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, and other distressing, nervous symptoms, commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

REDUCTION SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned 1 mile west of Stormstown, in Halfmoon township, on Friday, March 29, 1894, two horses, 99 grade Shropshire sheep, 60 grade Shropshire and common stock Ewes, with 75 or 80 lambs at their side—imported stock. Will be sold in fifteen distinct lots. Also one 14-h. p. separator, fodder cutter, No. 3 Davis swing churn and other articles too numerous to mention. JOSEPH WATTS, Auctioneer. T. WILSON WAY.

But It Was No Wonder She Didn't Understand Why She Had To.

The chiropodist had just moved into his new parlors. Before his arrival they had been occupied by a dentist. Though as yet no white marble foot upon the pavement informed the uninitiated that within dwelt an operator, upon corns and bunions at a reasonable rate, yet such was the case.

A rushing business had been in progress all the morning. At noon the chiropodist, a rather timid and youthful appearing man, started to go out to his lunch, when the door opened and a young girl inquired if the doctor was in. She was about 10 years old, and with her was a young woman about 20, evidently her maid.

"Doctor," said the child, "you helped me so much six months ago that mamma suggested that I bring Nora down here. She is in very great pain."

The doctor did not quite recall what work he had done for the child, but politely requested Nora to walk into the operating room and get ready. This, in the language of the chiropodist, means to remove the shoe and stocking. The child seated herself in the outer parlor, and the chiropodist, after waiting the usual time, walked into the little room where Nora was awaiting him. There she sat leaning back in the big chair with a nervous expression upon her face, but without any change in her attitude. The doctor was a trifle surprised, but he supposed this was a new experience to his patient.

"Just remove your shoe and stocking, please," he said as he walked over to the window.

Nora absolutely grew pale with fright, but complied with his request, taking off both shoes and both stockings.

She was a very unhappy looking young woman as she sat there in the high operating chair with both bare feet dangling just above the floor.

"Now, when do you feel the greatest pain?" asked the doctor.

Nora threw her head back, opened her expansive mouth very wide and pointing with one of her fat, red fingers to a wisdom tooth in her upper jaw, exclaimed: "There, doctor. Oh, it is something awful!"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Curious Showers.

M. Peltier has put a frog shower on record as having happened within his own experience. He speaks of seeing the frogs fall on the roofs of the houses and rebound thence on to the pavement below. A mud shower occurred along the Union Pacific railway at Omaha on the 4th of April. The rain, we are assured, commenced early in the day, and soon the south and east sides of all the houses were covered with yellow clay.

A Union Pacific train which ran through the storm had its windows covered, and the headlight was so completely plastered that the light was shut in, and the train ran in darkness into Rossville, where the mud had to be scraped off. As far east as Topeka the windows showed that the edge of the mudstorm had extended this far. It is said to have been even more severe 50 miles northwest.

Blood rain and black rain are only varieties of this phenomenon. Of the latter we hear nothing worth speaking of nowadays, but an almost historic shower of this sort fell at Montreal in the earlier part of this century and enveloped the then youthful city in a black pall, which must have been worse than a prime London fog, seeing that it gave the inhabitants the idea that the sky was coming, or was at least on the point of coming.

Blood rain is caused by the presence of infinitely little plants, animalcules, or minerals in the globules. In one instance of a shower that fell at Bristol and in the Bristol channel, the analytical examination showed that the red color was due to ivy berry seeds. In medieval times blood rain was a prodigy. In the east it was connected with the belief that man was produced from blood that fell from heaven.—Chambers' Journal.

The Discovery of Coffee.

Toward the middle of the fifteenth century a poor Arab was traveling in Abyssinia. Finding himself weak and weary he stopped near a grove. Being in want of fuel to cook his rice he cut down a tree, which happened to be covered with dried berries. His meal being cooked and eaten, the traveler discovered that these half-burned berries were fragrant. He collected a number, and on crushing them with a stone he found the aroma increased to a great extent.

While wondering at this, he accidentally let the substance fall into a can which contained his scanty supply of water. Lo, what a miracle! The almost putrid liquid was partially purified. He raised it to his lips. It was fresh and agreeable, and after a short rest the traveler so far recovered his strength and energy as to be able to resume his journey.

The lucky Arab gathered as many berries as he could, and having arrived at Aden in Arabia he informed the mufti of his discovery. That worthy was an inveterate opium smoker, who had been suffering for years from the influence of the poisonous drug. He tried an infusion of the roasted berries and was so delighted at the recovery of his former vigor that in gratitude to the tree he called it camuba, which in Arabic signifies force.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Wide Awake!

THE GREATEST KNOWN REMEDY FOR EXTERNAL OR INTERNAL PAINS.

Try a bottle of Jerome Smith's great pain remedy, "Wide Awake." It cures

HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, EARACHE, NEURALGIA

In from three to five minutes.

All inward pains in a few minutes. A bad cold or catarrh relieved immediately.

Address, JEROME SMITH, BELLEFONTE, PA.

I have some on sale at the Eureka Grocery, High street, next door to the post office. JEROME SMITH.

Price 25 cents per bottle.

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CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osmond, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kitchener, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

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The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.



Crushed Coke—We crush and prepare Chestnut, Stove and Egg sizes for use in Cook Stoves and Heaters, as well as a most excellent fuel for heating School Houses and Churches. No smoke, no chinkers. It is the best and cheapest fuel now in use.

Coal—Anthracite—Pea, Chestnut, Stove, Egg and Furnace Coal. Snow Shoe Coal, run of the mines and screened lump; Black Block Nut and Woodland Coal.

Stove Wood—Stove Wood sawed and split to suit buyers. We invite patronage and spare no efforts to furnish Coal for the full value we receive for it. All orders will receive prompt attention.

MCCALMONT & CO., Bellefonte, Pa.

Iron City College.

PITTSBURGH, PA. 24,000 Graduates. A High Class Commercial School. This institution has placed more young men and women in lucrative positions than any other Commercial School in the country. Send for our new illustrated Catalogue, mailed free. Address CHAS. J. SMITH, PRIN.

"A FAIR FACE MAY PROVE A FOUL BARGAIN." MARRY A PLAIN GIRL IF SHE USES

SAPOLIO

AT THE EUREKA!

New Goods, Prices to suit the Times. Nothing old and nothing dear. Everything fresh for the New Year.

Call and see for yourselves Always glad to welcome you. EUREKA GROCERY CO., High St., Bellefonte, Next door to the Postoffice.

M P TUTEN.

—There are a few people in Bellefonte who have already commenced garden making.

—The Clinton county jail is now without a prisoner, a state of affairs that does not often occur. Sheriff Hoover is having the jail aired.

—On Wednesday the Senate confirmed the appointment of Senator P. Gray Meek, of this place, as surveyor of the port at Philadelphia.

—Mr. Isaac Smith, now residing at Williamsport, will move back to Potter township this spring and occupy his old premises near Centre Hall.

—Last week Amos Goodwin, of Clearfield, sold two dogs which brought him in the neat little sum of \$400. Who says there is no money in dogs?

—Deputy revenue collector E. R. Chambers seems to be having considerable sport at the expense of the list of applicants desirous of becoming his successor.

—Squire Samuel P. Foster, who has been sick for the past week, still continues very low with few chances for recovery. Mr. Foster is one of the oldest citizens and is well known all over the county.

—Every other town in the state has caught the base ball fever and is organizing a club, with the exception of Bellefonte. Thus far, the sporting element in this town lies dormant and there is not even a show for a scrub team.

—It is not correct as reported that Mr. B. C. Achenbach had sold his bakery in this place. He did sell his branch store at State College to Mr. Miller, but he will continue to reside in Bellefonte and conduct one of the best bake shops in the town.

—The funeral of Mrs. J. J. Lingle occurred from her late residence on Spring street Friday afternoon at two o'clock and was attended by a large concourse of sorrowing friends. Rev. Long, of Lock Haven, was present and assisted in the services.

—Rev. Wheeler, the Seventh Day Adventist, departed on Monday for Armstrong county, where he expects to awaken the denizens of the forest to his religious faith. With all the opposition he experienced here he succeeded in establishing a church which will hold regular services hereafter.

—The weather today has been quite variable. Starting in this morning it was warm almost to sultriness. Then it began to grow colder and threaten rain. This afternoon it has felt more like sleet and snow than anything else. And there is no telling what may come down inside a very few hours.

—Decisions in the license applications in Cambria county were handed down yesterday morning by Judge Barker. Out of a total of 254 applications 194 were granted, 50 held over and 50 refused. All women were refused license and notified that any applications made by women hereafter would not be considered.

—Jenkins & Lingle, at their foundry in this place, are now at work on a small sized "Ferris" wheel, which they are building for parties in New York state. The wheel will be forty feet in height and when completed will be as great a pleasure maker as the celebrated World's Fair Ferris wheel, only on a somewhat smaller scale.

—The concert given by Meyer's Orchestra and the Bellefonte Band on Thursday evening was greatly enjoyed by a very large audience. The renditions by both organizations was of a high order and superior degree of merit. During the evening Mr. Philip Waddle sang a song entitled "When the Tide Comes In," which was greatly enjoyed by all. Chief Burgess W. E. Gray was present and made a brief address.

The Human Electrical Forces!

How They Control the Organs of the Body.

The electrical force of the human body, as the nerve fluid may be termed, is an especially attractive department of science, as it exerts so marked an influence on the health of the organs of the body. Nerve force is produced by the brain and conveyed by means of the nerves to the various organs of the body, thus supplying the latter with the vitality necessary to insure their health.

The pneumogastric nerve, as shown here, may be said to be the most important of the entire nerve system, as it supplies the heart, lungs, stomach, bowels, etc., with the nerve force necessary to keep them active and healthy. As will be seen by the cut the long nerve descending from the base of the brain and terminating in the bowels is the pneumogastric, while the numerous little branches supply the heart, lungs and stomach with necessary vitality. When the brain becomes in any way disordered by irritability or exhaustion, the nerve force which it supplies is lessened, and the organs receiving the diminished supply are consequently weakened.

Physicians generally fail to recognize the importance of this fact, but treat the organs instead of the cause of the trouble. The noted specialist, Franklin Miles, M. D., L. L. B., has given the greater part of his life to the study of this subject, and the principal discoveries concerning it are due to his efforts.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve, the unrivaled brain and nerve food, is prepared on the principle that all nervous and many other difficulties originate from disorders of the nerve centers. Its wonderful success in curing these disorders is testified to by thousands in every part of the land.

Restorative Nerve cures sleeplessness, nervous prostration, dizziness, hysteria, sexual debility, St. Vitus dance, epilepsy, etc. It is free from opiates or dangerous drugs. It is sold on a positive guarantee by all druggists, or sent direct by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5, express prepaid.



LICENSES GRANTED.

The Fortunate Ones Who Got and Those Who Didn't.

On Thursday the Court disposed of the license applications as follows:

GRANTED.
Tavern—Gottlieb Haag, John M. Neubauer, Harry C. Yeager, A. S. and C. M. Garman, W. L. Daggett, Bellefonte; D. L. Bartges, Centre Hall; J. L. DeHaas, Howard; W. S. Musser, Willis Weaver, Millheim; George E. Leister, William Parker, Richard Miller, James Passmore, John B. Swoope, Tattersall Ingham, Richard Bower and Tempest Slinger, of Philipsburg; A. A. Kohlbecker, Centre City; D. H. Ruhl, Spring Mills; W. F. Bradford, Old Fort; R. O. Bracht, Coburn; R. G. Askey, John W. Fargo, Casanova; John G. Uzzle, Michael McCabe, Lawrence Redding, Snow Shoe; Geo. B. Uzzle, Clarence; G. J. Woodring, Port Matilda.

Wholesale Beer—John Anderson, Bellefonte; George Deim and William Riley, Philipsburg.

Wholesale Liquors—Orrin Vail, Philipsburg; W. R. Haynes, Clarence.

Distillers—N. W. Eby, Woodward; Jno. C. Muffinger, Pleasant Gap.

REFUSED.

Tavern—James A. Decker, Pine Grove Mills; Samuel B. Shaffer, Madisonburg; A. L. Nearhood, Rebersburg; Jeffrey Hayes, Pt. Look Out.

Wholesale Liquor—Alfred Baum, Bellefonte.

The total number granted is 35—all the old ones and three new ones, Askey, Fargo and Redding—5 were refused and one, L. C. Bullock, Milesburg, withdrawn.

ROYALLY ENTERTAINED.

Quite a select company was present at the elegant home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Aiken, on Allegheny street Thursday evening, it being the occasion of an informal yet royal entertainment of the city ladies and gentlemen who were present to assist in Friday night's concert in the Presbyterian church. It was a fitting thought to prepare such a welcome for these people coming to our town, as well as a delightful surprise to them. The guests present from a distance were Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Eesey, of Chester, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. Rees Welsh, Miss Mamie Keim and Miss Jennie Gillan, of Philadelphia, and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. White and Miss Mary Derr, of New York City.

It was truly an evening of song and delight. Such singing and music as was enjoyed there is not often heard at a private party. The refreshments served in the spacious dining room, was another prominent feature of the evening.

DEATH OF HENRY ROBB.

Henry Robb, whose serious illness was announced in Thursday's News, died at his home in Nittany Hall, Thursday evening about 6 o'clock. Mr. Robb was probably one of the best known men in that section of Centre county. He has lived at Nittany Hall and been the proprietor of the hotel in that place for many years and was always known as a genial, whole souled host, an accommodating and public spirited gentleman. He was aged about 53 years and leaves to mourn his death a wife and ten children. The funeral took place on last (Saturday) from his late residence, at 10 o'clock in the afternoon. Interment will be made at Jacksonville. Mr. Robb being an old soldier, will be buried with the honors of war by Gregg Post, of Bellefonte. Mr. Robb went out with the first call for troops and served three years in the 5th Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, afterwards re-enlisting in the 61st Regulars.

DOING WELL.

Elias Smith, who made an attempt at suicide last week by cutting his throat with a razor, in the yard of Philip Flory, his wife's grandfather, up in Black Hawk, is on a fair way to recovery at present, and his wounds are rapidly healing.

About fifteen stitches were required to sew up the gash he made with a razor. On Saturday evening, while he was pulling on a boot he in some manner broke four or five stitches, and the wound began to flow freely again. Dr. Emerick was summoned and succeeded in stopping the flow of blood.

Smith has lost a large lot of blood but he is of a rugged and healthy build, and will pull through all right, if hemorrhages can be prevented.

NATIONAL GUARD ENCAMPMENT.

The next national guard encampment in this state, to be held at Gettysburg in August, will be a division encampment, and promises to be one of the most important the guard has ever held. It is said that some of the notables who will visit it are President Cleveland and his cabinet, the commanding general of the United States army with his staff, senators and members of congress and members of the Pennsylvania legislature.

REMOVAL.

R. J. Shad & Bro. have moved their plumbing and Steam Fitting establishment from their late location corner Spring and Lamb streets to the rooms recently leased by them on North Allegheny street, opposite Crider's Exchange. Hereafter their numerous patrons will find them at that place. See ad. elsewhere in this paper.

WAGES REDUCED.

DuBois Courier: An order was issued yesterday reducing 10 per cent. the wages of all employees of the Buffalo, Rochester, and Pittsburgh road who receive over \$40 per month. The reduction is in line with the

action of the Bell, Lewis & Yates Coal Mining company and the Rochester and Pittsburgh Coal and Iron company, which corporations are controlled by the same interests that operate the road. The reduction will affect something like 500 men, and those employed by the coal companies and railroad together number over 4,000.

A DANGEROUS HOUSE.

Philipsburg Ledger.

Mr. Adam Mayer, of this borough, owns a very handsome residence on a prominent street in Bellefonte. A certain Bellefonte attorney wished to rent it and wrote to Mr. Mayer for terms, etc. Mr. Mayer answered the letter and in a few days received a letter from the attorney, complaining that the rent asked was too high and saying that the drains were stopped up, the water pipes burst, the fences and sidewalk broken, etc., and wound up by saying that several children of a former tenant had died with scarlet fever and that all these defects considered Mr. Mayer ought to come down in his price. Mr. Mayer wrote the following characteristic reply:

MY DEAR SIR—Yours of the 28th to hand and contents noted. I am surprised at the information it contained respecting the scarlet fever with which, you say, the children of the last tenant were afflicted. I do not know enough about matters of this kind to tell if disease germs will keep alive in a dwelling for two or three years, but while we are on the subject it might not be amiss to inquire of the former owner whether any witches or goblins, black, white, red or gray spirits, ugly nightmares, blasted hopes, broken promises or dishonored obligations are hidden away in the secret recesses of the old mansion. For, if there are any, I hope they will not rise unbidden to plague the future occupants of the house, but that they will inhabit the cobwebs or house spirits of my own vaterland, who are kind and gentle and bring peace and good fortune to those who treat them well. Now, as to the lease, I will say that while I have full confidence in you, I will also say that the clause about the water pipes is too loose and indefinite, but that I will sign the one you have prepared, trusting to your honor to do what is right between man and man. Hoping you will put the property in such condition as will make it a pleasant home for your family and yourself, even if it does not suit others, I remain yours most respectfully,

ADAM MAYER.

DEATH OF T. J. GATES.

T. Jefferson Gates, an old Centre countyman, died at his home in Curwensville, on Sunday morning at one o'clock. On Tuesday morning of last week he went to the woods above town to cut some hickory wood for smoking meat. As he did not return at the time appointed his son Wm. went in search of him and found him lying prostrate over a small sapling he had fallen. He had been stricken with paralysis and could not speak. He was brought home, was conscious, and on Thursday recovered so as to talk a little. On Friday he grew worse and died at the time stated. In 1854 Mr. Gates married Rebecca Bloom, of Centre county, where he then resided, and they came to Curwensville in 1855. Mrs. Gates survives him with three sons Wm. Grant and Clyde. Mr. Gates was an exemplary citizen, a firm friend and a kind neighbor, highly esteemed by everybody. The funeral took place Tuesday at 1 o'clock, Rev. Seiner, of Luthersburg, officiating. Mr. Gates had always been a steadfast member of the Lutheran church.

FIRE NEAR FLEMING.

On Wednesday night fire destroyed the house and barn on the farm of ex-county commissioner, A. J. Griest, near Unionville. At the time the fire occurred the man who occupied the premises and farmed the property was away from home and it is thought the fire may have been of incendiary origin. All the household furniture and everything that was in the barn, including some stock, was burned. The loss is about \$1,400, with an insurance of \$600.

WILLIAM PENN'S STATUE.

The monument to William Penn at Canoe Place, Indiana County, where the three counties of Clearfield, Indiana and Cambria touch, will be a more inspiring memorial than has at first contemplated. But \$1500 was appropriated for the entire affair, but the citizens of the three counties have raised sufficient to pay for the foundation and base and the entire appropriation will be used for the statue, the design for which will soon be selected.

TWO "WHYS"

"Why don't you publish a paper like that?" said a merchant, throwing down a copy of a city daily. "Why don't you advertise like that?" said the publisher of the country paper, as he turned to a full page advertisement that brought to the publisher of the city paper \$350 per issue, and the merchant went home prepared to saw wood and take anything the publisher saw fit to give him.—E.

—Benjamin B. Hamlin, Harrisburg is a candidate for delegate from the city district to the convention and was promised by the leaders one year ago that he should have no opposition, but things have since changed, and they have decided that he shall stay at home, says the Patriot. Mr. Hamlin is a personal friend of General Hastings and was one of his pupils when he taught school at Bellefonte.—Philadelphia Times.

WHAT UNDERWRITERS HAVE DONE.

The following telegram from Bethlehem recently appeared in the Pittsburgh Dispatch: "An increase in insurance rates in the territory controlled by the Middle Department of Fire Underwriters has been decided upon by the companies doing business therein. The new rates will be from 5 to 15 per cent. higher than the old ones for the present. The district affected by this change comprises all of New Jersey south of New Brunswick; Pennsylvania, outside of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh; Maryland (excepting Baltimore city) and the District of Columbia. During 1893 the companies in the eastern association lost money to such an extent that they saw bankruptcy staring them in the face unless something should be done to recoup their losses. Instructions were issued to the Middle Department association to increase rates for 1894 from 25 to 35 per cent. This resulted in a conference at which it was explained that if so great a raise should be made people would become frightened and the reaction might injure the companies. Finally it was deemed best to make the advance rates only from 5 to 25 per cent. This new schedule is now being enforced all over the district."

SPECKLED TROUT.

Only a few weeks remain until the opening of the trout season. It is morally certain that long before that time hundreds of trout will have been captured contrary to law. This section contains a number of trout streams and they should be looked after, and violators of the law prosecuted to the full extent of that law. The penalty for catching trout out of season is severe. The act of 1885 the last legislation on the point, reads as follows: "It shall be unlawful for any person to catch, kill or expose to sale or have in his or her possession after the same has been caught or killed, any speckled trout save only from the 15th day of April to the 25th day of July, under a penalty of \$10 for each trout so killed or had in possession, but this act shall not prevent any person from catching trout in nets in waters owned by himself to stock other waters." Half the penalty goes to the informer.

—It may not be generally known that there is now a boxing school in existence in Bellefonte, and yet it is a fact, nevertheless, that such is the case. It might more properly be termed private exhibitions given for recreation and the entertainment of intimate friends who are "in the ring." Some of the boxers have already developed quite a science in the manly art; one man, especially, who is about as handy with his feet as he is with his hands. At present the purpose of the school is not clearly defined, but it is thought to be to train some one who will challenge the winner in the Corbett-Jackson fight.

REDUCED FARE TO PHILA.

On March 5th, the Central Railroad of Pennsylvania, reduced their miles ticket rate from a basis of 234 miles to 235 miles from Bellefonte. Those traveling to Philadelphia or New York will find the train leaving this point at 5.25 p. m. makes close connection at Mill Hall with the Beech Creek train and at Williamsport the sleeping car is accessible at 10.00 p. m. to any desiring to retire early. Sleeping car berths are sold at \$1.50 each. Passengers taking this train are landed in Philadelphia at 7.12 and New York at 9.30 a. m.

THE DOCTOR AND HIS PATIENT.

At night the weary old doctor sat down and noted as usual, the condition of his patients: The ragman picking up; the editor, rapidly declining; the dentist, may pull through; the postmaster, must go; the deaf mute, still complaining; the painter, more bad signs; the miser, barely living; the actor, on the last stage; the butcher, less fat on bones; the cobbler, mending; the jail prisoner, will soon be out; the lawyer, speechless; the two grocers, on the verge of dissolution; the musician, tuning up; the carpenter, improving; Jones' boy, bad and growing worse; the barber, saved by a close shave; the banker, failing; the bootmaker, will not last long; the pugilist striking improvement.

CHILD BIRTH... MADE EASY!

"MOTHERS' FRIEND" is a scientifically prepared Liniment, every ingredient of recognized value and in constant use by the medical profession. These ingredients are combined in a manner hitherto unknown.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"

WILL DO all that is claimed for it AND MORE. It Shortens Labor, Lessens Pain, Diminishes Danger to Life of Mother and Child. Book to "MOTHERS" mailed FREE, containing valuable information and voluntary testimonials.

Sent by express on receipt of price \$1.50 per bottle BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

General or local Ladies or gentle. Agents-575 a week. Exclusive territory. The Right Hand Washer, Washes all the dishes for a family in one minute. Washes, rinses and dries them without wetting the hands. You push the button, the machine does the rest. Briefly, polished silver, and cheerful kitchen. No needed. Superior to all other dishwashing machines. Sent by express. \$1.00. Free. Wm. J. Brannan, 615 N. 14th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

You Need Flesh.

When you are without healthy flesh you are weak somewhere, or else your food does not nourish you.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver, with hypophosphites of lime and soda, finds weak spots, cures them, and stores up latent strength in solid flesh to ward off disease. Physicians, the world over, endorse it

SCOTT'S EMULSION cures Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs and Wasting Diseases.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. Druggists sell it.

Clothes REPAIRED, CLEANSED AND PRESSED.—I have concluded to take my old trade and am now prepared to do Repairing, Cleaning and Pressing of Clothes at my residence, No. 281 East Lamb street. I solicit a share of patronage and guarantee perfect satisfaction. Work gathered and delivered promptly and charges as low as can possibly be made. A postal card dropped in the mail will receive attention at once. 281 E. L. WILLIAM MCLELLAN.

A DIVIDEND PAYER.

The Gold Dollar Mining Company

OF CRIPPLE CREEK, COLORADO. Organized under Laws of Colorado. Capital Stock, 700,000 shares, par value one dollar each. FULL PAID AND NON-ASSESSABLE. 150,000 shares in Treasury.

The mine is located in the richest portion of the celebrated gold producing district of Cripple Creek, and is held under a United States patent.

Work is carried on day and night, and high grade ore is being taken out in large quantities.

In January, 1894, the Company will begin paying regular monthly dividends at the rate of \$4.00 per annum on the amount invested. H. H. OFFICER, Sec. and Treas.

A limited amount of the shares are now offered.

AT 50 CENTS PER SHARE.

Stock, Prospects and experts report may be obtained from the banking houses of H. R. LOUNSBURY, 57 Broadway, N. Y.

THE CHRISTY BREAD SLICER

MEAT OR WOMEN make \$10.00 a day selling the Wonderful Christy Bread Slicer. Write quick for territory. CHRISTY KNIFE CO., Fremont, Ohio.

ERRORS OF YOUTH

and Chronic Diseases speedily and permanently cured by the celebrated specialist, DR. LOBB, 320 N. 15th St. No deception, no false representation. I will cure you positively and make you vigorous and strong. Treatment by mail absolutely and strictly confidential. Send 4c. in stamps for HOME CURE TREATMENT.

The Central Railroad of Pennsylvania.

Time Table effective February 25, 1894.

Read Up STATIONS. Read Down

No. 4 No. 2 Dis.	Dis. No. 1 No. 3
P. M. A. M. P. M.	L. V. A. M. P. M.
5 15 9 45	Bellefonte..... 27 17 40 55 25
7 30 11 00	N. York..... 28 18 41 56 26
9 45 1 15	Phila..... 29 19 42 57 27
11 00 2 30	Phila..... 30 20 43 58 28
1 15 2 45	Phila..... 31 21 44 59 29
2 30 3 00	Phila..... 32 22 45 00 30
3 45 4 15	Phila..... 33 23 46 01 31
4 00 4 30	Phila..... 34 24 47 02 32
4 15 4 45	Phila..... 35 25 48 03 33
4 30 5 00	Phila..... 36 26 49 04 34
4 45 5 15	Phila..... 37 27 50 05 35
5 00 5 30	Phila..... 38 28 51 06 36
5 15 5 45	Phila..... 39 29 52 07 37
5 30 6 00	Phila..... 40 30 53 08 38
5 45 6 15	Phila..... 41 31 54 09 39
6 00 6 30	Phila..... 42 32 55 10 40
6 15 6 45	Phila..... 43 33 56 11 41
6 30 7 00	Phila..... 44 34 57 12 42
6 45 7 15	Phila..... 45 35 58 13 43
7 00 7 30	Phila..... 46 36 59 14 44
7 15 7 45	Phila..... 47 37 00 15 45
7 30 8 00	Phila..... 48 38 01 16 46
7 45 8 15	Phila..... 49 39 02 17 47
8 00 8 30	Phila..... 50 40 03 18 48
8 15 8 45	Phila..... 51 41 04 19 49
8 30 9 00	Phila..... 52 42 05 20 50
8 45 9 15	Phila..... 53 43 06 21 51
9 00 9 30	Phila..... 54 44 07 22 52
9 15 9 45	Phila..... 55 45 08 23 53
9 30 10 00	Phila..... 56 46 09 24 54
9 45 10 15	Phila..... 57 47 10 25 55
10 00 10 30	Phila..... 58 48 11 26 56
10 15 10 45	Phila..... 59 49 12 27 57
10 30 11 00	Phila..... 60 50 13 28 58
10 45 11 15	Phila..... 61 51 14 29 59
11 00 11 30	Phila..... 62 52 15 30 00
11 15 11 45	Phila..... 63 53 16 31 01
11 30 12 00	Phila..... 64 54 17 32 02
11 45 12 15	Phila..... 65 55 18 33 03
12 00 12 30	Phila..... 66 56 19 34 04
12 15 12 45	Phila..... 67 57 20 35 05
12 30 1 00	Phila..... 68 58 21 36 06
12 45 1 15	Phila..... 69 59 22 37 07
1 00 1 30	Phila..... 70 00 23 38 08
1 15 1 45	Phila..... 71 01 24 39 09
1 30 2 00	Phila..... 72 02 25 40 10
1 45 2 15	Phila..... 73 03 26 41 11
2 00 2 30	Phila..... 74 04 27 42 12
2 15 2 45	Phila..... 75 05 28 43 13
2 30 3 00	Phila..... 76 06 29 44 14
2 45 3 15	Phila..... 77 07 30 45 15
3 00 3 30	Phila..... 78 08 31 46 16
3 15 3 45	Phila..... 79 09 32 47 17
3 30 4 00	Phila..... 80 10 33 48 18
3 45 4 15	Phila..... 81 11 34 49 19
4 00 4 30	Phila..... 82 12 35 50 20
4 15 4 45	Phila..... 83 13 36 51 21
4 30 5 00	Phila..... 84 14 37 52 22
4 45 5 15	Phila..... 85 15 38 53 23
5 00 5 30	Phila..... 86 16 39 54 24
5 15 5 45	Phila..... 87 17 40 55 25
5 30 6 00	Phila..... 88 18 41 56 26
5 45 6 15	Phila..... 89 19 42 57 27
6 00 6 30	Phila..... 90 20 43 58 28
6 15 6 45	Phila..... 91 21 44 59 29
6 30 7 00	Phila..... 92 22 45 00 30
6 45 7 15	Phila..... 93 23 46 01 31
7 00 7 30	Phila..... 94 24 47 02 32
7 15 7 45	Phila..... 95 25 48 03 33
7 30 8 00	Phila..... 96 26 49 04 34
7 45 8 15	Phila..... 97 27 50 05 35
8 00 8 30	Phila..... 98 28 51 06 36
8 15 8 45	Phila..... 99 29 52 07 37

Bellefonte Republican.

To Correspondents.—No communication published unless accompanied by the name of the writer. Correspondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or any inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

—And now Williamsport is to have the Kirmis.

—Not two weeks yet intervene until Easter will be with us.

—There are twelve applications for liquor license in Huntingdon county.

—The strawberry will soon be making its appearance in Central Pennsylvania markets.

—The matrimonial market is improving since the duty has been taken off of diamonds.

—R. J. Schad & Brother are now fully located in their new place of business on Allegheny street.

—Tyrone is stirring around to get the M. E. Conference in 1895, and her prospects are fairly good, too.

—This kind of weather brings the dandelion, the caterpillar and the base ball crank into blossom.

—Many of the farmers throughout the county have considerable of their spring plowing already done.

—If we do have a spell of cold weather now, we can be thankful for two weeks of nice weather in March.

—The pension of David Schilling, of Coleville, has been reduced from twelve to eight dollars per month.

—There was somewhat of a change in the atmosphere this morning. Considerably more wind and slightly colder.

—Advertising will not make your fortune in a day; but, if done judiciously, it will pay handsomely in the long run.

—The boxing school is getting new students every night. If you have never been there go around and get knocked out.

—Spring doesn't seem to have made any lap this year for old winter to linger in. Spring always was a sort of a coquette.

—The voice of the auctioneer is now daily heard throughout the county. The public sales this spring are more numerous than for many years.

—"Billy" Soper has signed to play behind the bat with the Milwaukee club the coming season, and will leave Bellefonte in the near future for his new abode.

—It is hard to find a more accommodating set of officials than just those connected with the head office of the Central Railroad of Pennsylvania in this place.

—Edward Smith, of Snow Shoe, has purchased the Krom hotel, opposite the P. and E. railroad station, in Lock Haven, from William Charles. He will take possession April 4th.

—The Methodist ministers for one hundred and fifty miles around will all be going Harrisburg to-day, and during the next week that city will seem as if there was a double session of the Legislature.

—Bellefonte aspirants will soon begin to find out that it is not so easy to pass a civil service examination. Not one of the last five examined passed, and thus far, of all examined, only one has reached the required per centage.

—The Bellefonte Academy is working up a good ball team for local work. There will be in it Dorworth, Curtin, Boggs, Hughes and others of well-known ability, so that there is yet a chance for a few games in Bellefonte, even if we can't support a League club.

—This morning as the Tyrone local was shifting cars at the siding by the water tank, in some way or other, it got off the track and it took considerable work to get it back on again. It was probably three hours before the crew succeeded in getting the ponderous machine on the rails.

—Judge Martin Bell, of Blair county, has decided that the "penny-in-the-slot" dice machines kept in cigar stores are modes of gambling and instructed the constables to arrest anyone having the same in use. It is needless to say the machines are a "vanishing industry" in Blair county.

—Phillipsburg wants a Board of Trade and wants it bad. On Saturday the Journal printed a list of 250 names as a suggestion of those who would make good members. A Board of Trade in a town is a great thing, if they once get down to business. And one with a membership of two or three hundred should be able to do big things.

—The Presbyterian church was well filled on Sunday at both the morning and evening services; many of the worshippers drawn there, no doubt, by the knowledge that Miss Mary Derr would sing in the choir. However, this was not the only treat in store for those who did attend as the sermons of Dr. Laurie were both interesting and profitable, his evening discourse especially so.

—The thirteen entombed miners at the Gaylord mine have been found—all dead. Of course, there was no possible hope for any other condition after the lapse of so long a time, but there is a little consolation in the fact that the appearance denotes all to have met with instant death, instead of being compelled to undergo the horrible, heart-rendering torture of slow starvation in an underground prison.

Y. M. C. A. SUNDAY.

A Union Meeting Held in the Presbyterian Church.

Sunday was the Young Men's Christian Association day in Bellefonte and right gloriously did the representatives of that organization size up to the occasion and meet the requirements of the day. There were present in town State Secretary Hurlburt, James McConkey, of Wrightsville, and Edward Miller, of Tyrone. In the morning these men officiated at the several churches in Bellefonte in a very able manner. In the afternoon, at 3.30 o'clock, a Union meeting was held in the Presbyterian church. A large audience was assembled and General Beaver presided.

On the platform sat Revs. Zehner, of the Evangelical church; Noll, of the Reformed, and Blackburn, of the United Brethren; Edward Miller, of Tyrone; James McConkey, of Wrightsville, and State Secretary, Charles E. Hurlburt. Prof. W. T. Meyer very ably presided at the organ and was accompanied by Henry Brown, on the flute. A choir of ten male voices, selected from the various churches of the town, furnished the music. The singing was splendid and much enjoyed by all present. After they sang several pieces from the Gospel Hymns, Rev. Blackburn read the scripture lesson from the 31st chapter of St. John. Rev. Zehner then led in prayer after which General Beaver introduced Mr. Edward Miller, of Tyrone, secretary of the Railroads' Y. M. C. A., of that place. Mr. Miller made a most interesting address in which he told of the work going on among his fellowmen, of his own conversion and his going to Tyrone. When he went there they had forty-five members; that was three months ago. To-day they have 252. Mr. Miller advocated earnest, personal work. Every one has a part to take. Some people think that because they pay the preacher and the secretary that these men should do all the work. This is a great mistake. Everybody should work; and, if every man would do his part, the churches would be crowded. Mr. Miller is a good talker, and also, a good singer. He sang two very pretty pieces.

After a song by the choir Gen Beaver introduced Mr. McConkey, of Wrightsville, Pa., who made a very able address. He believes that the way to do a thing is to do it. The church is like a great machine, made for the working out of God's way. Mr. McConkey is also a believer in personal work. Like Mr. Miller, he is also a great worker among railroad men. Our fellow townsman, State Secretary Charles E. Hurlburt, then made a very earnest address in the interest of the Association work in Bellefonte. At the opening of his address he announced the fact that Mr. McConkey would be with us sometime, and all this week would hold gospel meetings in the Y. M. C. A. rooms every afternoon at 3.30 o'clock, and also prayer services in the evenings. A cordial invitation was extended to all to attend these meetings. Gen. Beaver said to close the year ending next October the Y. M. C. A. would need about \$500.00. A collection was lifted and cards were distributed asking for contributions to this worthy object. After more music by the choir the meeting was dismissed by Rev. Miles O. Noll pronouncing the benediction.

AN OPEN OPPORTUNITY.

Several times in the near past have we taken occasion to call the attention of the business men of Bellefonte to the great advantages of trade recently opened up to them, by the building of the Central Railroad of Pennsylvania, from the residents of Nittany valley. This is one of the most thickly populated valleys in the county and before railroad connection was made the trade most all went to Lock Haven. Now, Bellefonte business men could offer such inducements as would bring this trade all here, but if they want it, it must be done at once. Lock Haven is up in arms and working hard for an electric road from that place to Mill Hall, which improvement, should it be made, would pour all the trade of that valley into that place, unless Bellefonte has already secured it. The following from the Lock Haven Democrat shows how they view the matter down there: "Lock Haven occupies a peculiar position in its situation. It is an almost equal distance from Williamsport and Bellefonte. There are a number of boroughs and villages within its reach. By the construction of a steam road towns between Bellefonte and Williamsport are within easier reach of either of those places than Lock Haven, which city is isolated in a sense from that road. It is well known that an effort is now being made in the way of cheap excursions to attract the trade of these towns to either Williamsport or Bellefonte. Just to the number of people from these towns that take advantage of the opportunities presented to visit those places to that extent will Lock Haven suffer."

ARMSTRONG ASKEY DEAD.

Mr. A. A. Fletcher, of Nittany, this county, received a telegram containing the information that Mr. Armstrong Askey died of consumption on Wednesday, March 7, 1894. Mr. Askey was born and raised at Howard. In 1852 he went to Jackson, Amador county, California, where he resided until his death. He was the youngest son of Captain John Askey, of revolutionary fame. He leaves to mourn his death one brother and three sisters—Ellie Askey, who lives in Illinois;

Mrs. Rachael Snively, who is 84 years old, residing at Nittany; Mrs. Eliza McKibben, of Cedar Springs, Pa., and Mrs. Orpha Pletcher, of Howard, Pa., all but the latter named have passed the period of eighty years. The Askey family and its many branches has always been noted for its pluck and enterprise in the walks of life, especially so in educational matters. Some of them are residents of Williamsport.

FUNERAL OF HENRY ROBB.

The funeral of Henry Robb, the well and favorably-known hotel keeper at Nittany, took place last Saturday and was the largest in attendance ever known in that part of the valley. Services were held at the home at 1 o'clock p. m., by Rev. Deihl, of the Lutheran congregation at Snyderstown. The interment took place in the Presbyterian cemetery at Jacksonville, some five miles distant. He was buried with the honors of war by Gregg Post, G. A. R., of which the deceased was an active member. Delegations of G. A. R. men from Howard, Milledgeburg and Lock Haven were present and assisted in the beautiful ceremonies of the order.

The pall bearers were Henry Yeager, Charles Eckenroth, Abe Hamilton, Christ Dale, Samuel Williams and Henry Montgomery. The firing squad, under the command of Gen. Curtin, were Andy Lucas, John Bryan, Thomas Lott, S. B. Miller and Frank McMullen, who probably had not fired a volley for the last thirty years, yet the three volleys fired were perfect in every respect.

The obsequies at the grave were under the charge of Commander Thomas Donahy, Chaplain of the Post, David Bartly, Comrade Robert Cassidy, the present Mayor of Canton, Ohio, and other officers of Gregg Post.

Henry Robb was born a short distance from where he died. He kept the hotel at Nittany Hall for the last twenty-eight years and was never refused a license. He was 53 years, 1 month and 13 days old at the time of his death. He leaves a wife, eleven children, four brothers and one sister to mourn his death. His family consists of his widow, Alice Robb; Nelson, his oldest son; Blanche, Cora, Alfred, Lewis, Edward, Claire, Katie, Bertha, Lottie and Helen. His oldest brother is John Robb, who resides in Vinton county, Ohio; George, who is living at Coleville; Erasmus, who resides in Bellefonte; Daniel, living in Joe Davis county, Ill.; and a sister, Mrs. Charlotte Bibbitt, residing in Birmingham, Huntingdon county, Pa.

At the breaking out of the slave-holders' rebellion Henry Robb enlisted in Company E, 5th Pa. Reserves, and served in that Regiment for three years, then re-enlisted in Company K, 51st Pa. Volunteers, and was discharged in August, 1865, on account of the close of the war. He was an excellent, brave and patriotic soldier. He died greatly respected by his neighbors and the traveling public.

THE SCHUMANN QUARTETTE.

A shamefully small audience was present in Gorman's opera house Saturday night to greet the Schumann Lady Quartette, considering the well known reputation of these ladies as fine musicians. But the few who did go heard a treat such as is not often heard in Bellefonte. Among the finest selections of the evening was "Hear Dem Bells," by the quartette, and Miss Shoemaker's rendition of "That Old Sweetheart of Mine." The singers were all well and enjoyed the evening very much. It was a concert worth going to hear and deserved better patronage.

—We have seen quite a number of watch chains about town ornamented with a neat, little charm in the shape of a watch case opener, which obviates the use of a knife or finger nail to open the watch. We have just received one, and would advise you to send for one, too. They are sent free on request by the Keystone Watch Case Company, of Philadelphia, Pa., the largest watch case manufacturing concern in the world. They are the makers of the celebrated Jas. Boss cases, the only filled cases which are fitted with the world famous Non-pull-out bow (ring). The Company does not sell at retail, but its goods are sold by our local jewelers.

MAYOR HEWITT DEAD.

Hon. Benjamin L. Hewitt, of Hollidaysburg, died at 3 o'clock Saturday morning at the Bingham House, Philadelphia, whither he had gone for professional treatment for overwork but, while there, was stricken with paralysis and died as above stated. He was past 60 years of age. Mr. Hewitt was an old soldier and served five terms in the State Legislature, one term being speaker of the House.

—Over five hundred veterinary surgeons have signed a petition condemning tight check reins, so painful to horses and causing distortion of the windpipe to such a degree as to impede respiration. Paralysis of the muscles of the face, megrims, apoplexy, coma and inflammation are some of the results. By holding the head upward it puts the muscles of the neck on a constant strain and exposes the eye to the direct rays of the sun.

WHO KNOWS HIM.

W. W. Warner, an attorney at Allegan, Mich., desires to know something of Sergeant John O'Connor, of Co. G, 11th Pa., Inf. Vols. Any soldier or person knowing anything of Mr. O'Connor are requested to place themselves in correspondence with Mr. Warner.

HIS LAST SERMON.

Rev. Houck Preaches to a Large Congregation Sunday Night.

The Methodist church was crowded Sunday evening with persons of various religious faiths who went to hear the last sermon preached by Rev. W. A. Houck, ere he close his term of five years' ministry in this place. The choir opened the service with a beautiful voluntary after which Rev. Houck announced Hymn No. 602. Following prayer and before announcing his text the reverend gentleman took occasion to say that the services of that evening would close his present pastoral term in this place. He then stated that during the five years he has been in Bellefonte he has seen four new churches built and three repaired and fixed up. There is not a protestant church in Bellefonte but what has been either built or repaired. This is an evidence of the growth of Christ's religion in this community, "as it cannot be ascribed to especially good times. In the Methodist church the congregation has increased their contributions in all lines of church work. During the past five years \$7,500 have been raised for improvements, the payment of church debts, and the erection of the Coleville chapel. Ten years ago the amount of money collected for missionary purposes was \$130. Five years ago, when Rev. Houck came here, the amount collected was \$400. Last year \$518 were collected, and this year the money collected for all kinds of missionary purposes will foot up almost \$750. What a grand showing, considering the times!

Five years ago the church book showed a total of 339 members. During Rev. Houck's pastorate 245 new members were added either by probation or by letter. During the same time 170 members have either died or been dismissed to other churches (sixteen of which number went to Coleville on the erection of the chapel at that place) leaving a net roll of membership at the present time of 414. During the past three years the Epworth League and the Junior Epworth League; the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society and the Young Woman's Foreign Missionary Society have been organized, giving four new arms for church work. During Mr. Houck's pastorate he attended 101 funerals, all either members of his church or members of families whose heads were Methodists.

After making the above interesting observations Rev. Houck announced as his text the verse found in Acts 13: 46—"For David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep, and was laid unto his fathers, and saw corruption." The discourse which followed was most interesting and impressive. At the close of his sermon Rev. Houck took occasion to thank his congregation and the people of Bellefonte generally for all the kindnesses they have shown him and his family during their residence here; also for the most noble support they have constantly rendered. Before pronouncing the benediction Rev. Houck announced that the official church record would hold its last meeting this evening and that the congregation was to be congratulated on the most excellent state of finances, as every obligation had been met and every requirement paid to the cent.

THE KENDALS.

The announcement that the accomplished English artists, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and their London Company under the direction of Daniel Frohman, will visit Williamsport the first time and present one of their leading plays, will be received with unusual interest by our theatregoers. They will make their appearance at the Lycoming opera house, Tuesday evening in "The Ironmaster." Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have earned the applause of the two great centers of English dramatic art and the public favor that was obtained by the Kendals' during three American tours in the principal cities of the country is well known to all observers of the stage. It may well be said that performances such as given by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal form red letters in the history of the stage and show to what point of enjoyment acting can be brought, when entrusted to those who regard their profession as something intended for the edification and instruction of their patrons.

ESTIMATE OF UNMINED COAL.

According to an estimate just made by W. W. Ruley, of the bureau of anthracite coal statistics, the unmined coal in Pennsylvania aggregates 4,684,000,000 tons, of which is located in an area of 213,000 acres. According to these figures if the yearly average were to continue at 44,000,000 tons for say 167 years the fields will have become entirely extinct. The Reading company not only heads the list as to acreage, but its unmined coal is more than double that of all the other coal companies combined, the estimate placing its figures at 2,450,000,000 tons.

MARRIED.

At the Evangelical parsonage in Clintondale, March 11, 1894, by Rev. J. J. Lohr, Jonathan S. Condo, of Jacksonville, Centre county, and Miss Arle Stover, of Aaronburg, Centre county.

—The sound of the tack hammer will soon be heard in the land, while the thrifty house wives wage the annual warfare against dirt. Mankind has had to hide its crestfallen head since science with a loud voice has proclaimed that woman's antagonism to dirt is a highly necessary

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

sanitary measure, instead of a silly and uncalled for routing of the household goods. House cleaning, while not exactly pleasant to the onlookers, is good in the long run, and like the toothache, feels good when it is done hurting.

PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

Mr. William Wolf is visiting his son, Charles Wolf, in Altoona.

Miss Maggie Gill, of Clarence, is at present visiting friends in this place.

Mr. Scott Harris, of Hastings, spent Sunday at his home in this place.

Mr. Reuben Lucas, of Howard, made a flying trip to Bellefonte on Wednesday.

Mr. Robert Ellenberger, of Seeds' implement store, Tyrone, transacted business in Bellefonte on Friday.

Miss Kate Caldwell was suddenly called to Altoona by the serious illness of her niece, Miss Stevenson.

Miss Effie Hamilton and Miss Miller, of Tyrone, are guests at the residence of John P. Harris, on Linn street.

Mr. W. B. Maitland, the enterprising proprietor of the Bellefonte boiler works, transacted business in Lock Haven on Saturday.

Miss Jennie Burleigh, of Tyrone, who has been the guest of Miss Jennie Crittenden for several days past, returned to her home to-day.

Miss Morrow, after a pleasant visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sechler, on East Linn street, returned to her home in Tyrone on Saturday.

Hon. Thomas H. Murray, one of the brightest attorneys at the Clearfield county bar, transacted legal business in Bellefonte Tuesday and Wednesday.

Miss Kate Gross, of Philadelphia, was an arrival in Bellefonte on Thursday evening and will spend a brief time very pleasantly visiting her family and friends in this place.

Henry H. Stone, a former resident of Bellefonte, now of Kansas City, Missouri, is now in Williamsport visiting his sister, Mrs. John T. Allen, who he has not seen in nineteen years.

H. G. Royer, of Bellwood, Pa., was in Bellefonte Wednesday night, leaving on the early train Thursday morning for Rebersburg, his former home. Henry looks as bright and happy as ever.

The Huntingdon Local News says: "John Z. Miller, formerly electrician at the Reformatory, has obtained a lucrative situation in Bellefonte, to which city he will remove next month."

Miss Mary Derr, who sang so delightfully in the concert last night will sing in the Presbyterian church to-morrow, at both the morning and evening service. This will be a rare treat for that congregation.

Mrs. John Lane returned last Saturday from a trip to Glen Cove, Md., where she went to bring home her daughter, Miss Patsy, whose health was not in a condition to warrant her continued attendance at school.

The friends of Miss Laura K. Hafer, daughter of Dr. A. W. Hafer, will be pleased to hear that she has passed her final examination in the Pennsylvania Dental College, at Philadelphia, and will be one of the graduates this year. She expects to practice in Bellefonte.

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Shugerts leave for their home in Bellefonte to-day, after a long and pleasant visit with Mr. Shugerts' daughter, Mrs. W. E. Burchfield. They are a very agreeable addition to the Bellefonte colony here, and we hope they may return before very long.—Wednesday's Phillipsburg Ledger.

Our former townsman John C. Miller has been elected unanimously as President of the Bellefonte Council. He is a first rate fellow, and we would not be surprised to see him going up higher, for Bellefonte has a reputation for furnishing big men when the State wants them.—Huntingdon Local News.

Col. W. Fred Reynolds and wife; his brother Mr. Samuel Reynolds and wife, of Lancaster; and Col. Frank Harris and wife, of Connecticut, who have been away on a month's trip to the Pacific Coast, viewing the sights of the mid-winter fair at San Francisco, and stopping at many intermediate points, returned to Bellefonte on the 9.28 train this morning.

Ex-Register John A. Rupp has finally concluded to shake the dust of Bellefonte from his feet and move with his family to his old home at Oak Hall. He will take his departure about the 20th of this month. We are sorry to lose so good a citizen as Mr. Rupp is. He proved a good official and a most desirable acquisition to Bellefonte in every way and all his friends will be sorry to hear of his determination to move away.

Miss Mame Butts, who for some time past has been with her brother, Walter at Houtzdale, managing the housekeeping

department of his hotel, but who was at home on a visit, departed this morning for that place.

Capt. Wilbur F. Reber is attending court in Hollidaysburg this week.

Hon. Fred Kurtz, of the Reporter Centre Hall, was a Bellefonte visitor today.

Mr. William P. Humes and Mr. George Brew were Altoona visitors on Tuesday.

Rev. W. A. Houck departed Tuesday for Harrisburg to attend the annual conference of the M. E. church. The financial showing at the final meeting of the official board held on Monday evening was the best ever known. Every apportionment had been paid in full—and some exceeded, while there was a small increase on pastors' salary. Of course, this will be a very gratifying report to present to the conference.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Following is the list of marriage licenses granted by the register of Centre county during the past week:

Jacob Moyer, of Centreville, Snyder county, and Bertha Harpster, of Port Matilda.

H. C. Wagner and Eva McMullen, both of Milledgeburg.

John F. Best and Nora A. Wells, both of Hubersburg.

Jonathan S. Condo, of Marion twp., and Arle Stover, of Haines twp.

Harry M. Franz and Mary McClellan, both of Potter twp.

J. I. Kline, of Spring twp., and Harriet E. Black, of Boggs.

Adam H. Hartwick, of Ferguson twp., and Annie M. Klinger, of College.

Charles M. Ebbeck and Lydia Baker, both of Phillipsburg.

BOUGHT THE "GAZETTE" OFFICE.

On Tuesday negotiations were closed whereby Mr. T. H. Harter, former editor and proprietor of the Post, Middleburg, becomes the sole proprietor of the Key-Stone Gazette office. By his agreement Mr. Harter is to be proprietor in law from the second day of March, although he will not take editorial charge until next week. He has sold his plant in Middleburg and will move to Bellefonte about April 1st. We extend the right hand of fellowship.

—Grave fears are expressed that the extremely pleasant but unseasonable weather will start the fruit buds so early that they will be in danger from subsequent frosts. Surely if there ever was a year when the country at large was in need of special favors from Providence it is the present, and it is to be hoped that the weather may not unite with other negative elements in adding to the distress of the times. If Providence will only take care of the weather, the people will improve the first opportunity to straighten matters out elsewhere.

LETTER LIST.

Following are the letters uncalled for in the post-office, Bellefonte, Pa., Mar. 12, 1894.

Crap August, R. E. Davis, J. Hoffman, Robt. Hayes, Jas. Harber, Jos. Kelley, P. B. Jordan, E. A. Kelton, Myra Long, Alan Markle, Jno. N. Paterson, Mrs. A. Stevens, Jacob Shirk, J. G. Suthers, S. S. Strieby, Mrs. Webery.

When called for please say advertised J. A. FIEDLER P. M.

WALTER BUTTS BURNED OUT.

On Tuesday his family in this place received a telegram from Walter Butts stating that his hotel, the Arlington, in Houtzdale, had been burned to the ground together with all the contents, that morning. At this writing we have been unable to learn any of the particulars. The loss will be considerable, but partially covered with insurance.

Bellefonte Markets.

Red Wheat, per bushel	\$ 85
White Wheat, per bushel	85
Barley, new, per bushel	80
Rye, per bushel	80
Corn (shelled), per bushel	45
Corn (ears), per bushel	45
Oats, per bushel	40
Barley, fair to good	50
do prime and extra prime	50
do choice	50
Flour, retail, per barrel	8.50
Flour, wholesale, per barrel	8.20
Hay choice mixed, per ton	10.00
" prime timothy " "	11.00
" choice " "	12.00

Provisions Markets.

Apples, dried, per pound	6
Green apples, per bushel	30
Cherries, dried, per pound	10
Dried Currants, per pound	10
New Raisins, per pound	10
Corn Meal, per quart	12
Fresh Butter, per pound	25
Cheese, per pound	15
Country Ham, per pound	12.50
Ham, sugar cured	12.50
Shoulders	12
Breakfast Bacon	14
Country Bacon	10
Lard, leaf, per pound	12.50
Lard, country, per pound	13
Eggs, per dozen	15
Potatoes, per bushel	60
Dried Beef	25
Canned Beef, 2 pound can	25
Country Sides, per pound	12.50
Canned Tomatoes, per can	12.50
Canned Corn, per can	10-15
Lard, per pound	20
Oranges, per dozen	30-40
Irish, sweet Corn, per bushel	10
Apple Butter, per gallon	10
Butter Flour, per sack	95

EASTER LILIES

MARCH, 1894

An Easter Romance.

BY PAUL FLEMING.

CLAUDE REMINGTON sat in his comfortable studio and watched the sputtering embers in the open fireplace. His giant figure looked as if it had been thrown into the luxurious arm chair, so utterly regardless of grace was his attitude. His chin rested heavily on the closed knuckles of his left hand. His huge legs were crossed in an uncereemonious fashion. His brow was clouded with heavy wrinkles that bespoke thoughts of an unquiet nature.

Claude was an artist, in fair, almost affluent, circumstances. He may be said to have been born with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth, for his parents were wealthy and he was an only son, but, though the scion of a rich family, the young man had an inherent spirit of independence which urged him, after leaving college, to adopt some profession as a means of earning his own living. His natural talents leaned towards art, and after taking some preliminary lessons in drawing and painting, from a local teacher, he betook himself abroad and studied for several years in Paris, Vienna and Florence.

He was an apt scholar and soon made a name for himself in European art circles as an adept with the pencil and brush. Magazine publishers sought his work eagerly, and his paintings had a great demand and at high prices. So when Claude returned home to America in the summer of '92 his fame had already preceded him, and society in New York prepared to lionize, in becoming style, the young artist of whom the European critics had spoken so highly.

Mr. Remington would have been a very popular young man had he allowed himself to become so, but flattery and fawning were distasteful to him, and when he found that the fashionable sets in town were bent on making a social lion of him, he immediately sought retirement, and could rarely be induced to leave his own sumptuous apartments uptown. Even the most influential members of society failed to draw him from his seclusion. Politely, but firmly, he declined all invitations to dinners, receptions and garden parties, until the higher circles of society began to think themselves snubbed and concluded that the famous Mr. Remington must be something of a crank.

There were a chosen few of his intimate friends, however, who knew the cause of Claude's dislike for gaiety. Rumors had been wafted over the Atlantic which brought a whisper of romance in them—the romance of an artist's love for a beautiful American girl whom he had met in one of his Alpine tours. The story took a vague shape, in fact several shapes; one had it that Claude was already married to the fair unknown but for certain family reasons they would not live together for a year or so. Another reason was that the girl's parents were opposed to her alliance with Claude, but on what account was not stated. One thing, however, seemed certain, and that was the young artist was deeply in love, and his romantic disposition was such that he silently fretted over the absence of the object of his affections.



"I said Constance was in Nice. I was mistaken, she is here!"

He certainly did not look a very gay young man as he half sat, half lounged there in the somber glow of the fire, moodily gazing into the dull, fiery glare of the coals as if he were studying some abstract problem in which the fire grate was concerned.

Presently he arose and shook himself like a huge retriever after a plunge in the water. His tall, massively built figure was the very picture of an athlete, and denoted great physical strength, but a close study of his face discovered almost a feminine beauty in the sweet sadness of its expression and contour. The eyes and the lines of the mouth had a look of fixed resignation to the inevitable.

It was with a deep drawn sigh that he took from the mantel a long Ger-

man pipe—his companion in many a sketching ramble in the south of Europe. He filled the meerschaum bowl mechanically with some choice Turkish tobacco and leisurely applied a match to the weed. Almost with a single flick of the tongue he handled that pipe, and a more satisfied look crept into his eyes as he watched the blue smoke curl in circles from the bowl and ascend to the ceiling like the azure clouds that float over the far away Mediterranean. For fully ten minutes he smoked on in silence, then he laid aside his pipe and turned to his easel, on which rested the half finished portrait of a young girl. It was the picture of a maiden of eighteen or twenty, dressed in white and with just a single rosebud at her throat. On her head was a simple straw hat, and in her uplifted right hand a bunch of wild grapes which she had evidently just plucked from a vine that drooped above her. Her dark eyes sparkled with fun and her lips were parted in a merry smile that seemed contagious as one looked upon it. The background was unfinished as were also some details of the drapery, but even a novice in art matters would have pronounced the picture the work of a master hand. While Claude toyed with his brush, looking lovingly on the canvas face to which his art was giving life and reality, there came a gentle knock at the studio door, and in response to the word "come," a little colored "boy-in-livery" entered noiselessly, and handed the artist a card. Mr. Remington took the piece of pasteboard quietly, glanced at the name and said, "Show the gentleman in."

As the boy left the room the artist took a brown silk curtain from a side shelf and carefully drew it over the easel so as to effectually conceal the portrait. There was a slight tremor in his hand as he did so, and his face seemed to have flushed considerably. His brows, too, were deeper wrinkled, as if in anger.

One minute elapsed before the boy returned, ushering in a gentleman of middle age, whose dress and manner showed at once the unmistakable ease and grace of a traveled man of the world. He walked directly up to Claude and grasped his hand, though it seemed as if the artist were far from cordial in reciprocating the salutation. But the visitor did not notice, or did not seem to notice, any lack of hospitality on the part of the artist, and immediately commenced the conversation.

"Delighted to see you, my dear boy. Just came direct from the Riviera and have good news for you."

"Good news for me," repeated Claude in measured tones, "I wonder what good news anyone can bring me from the Riviera. Nevertheless, Col. Bland, I am pleased to see one who takes my thoughts back to the days when all news was good to me. When were you in Mentone?"

"Not for months, but I was in Nice just two weeks ago and saw somebody there who begged me to see you without delay, so I flew to London as fast as the express would carry me, caught the Paris at Southampton and here I am."

Claude was evidently struggling with a powerful emotion, striving to conceal the effect of his visitor's words. One word of interrogation alone left his lips.

"Constance?"

"No, not Constance herself, but her mother."

"Her mother! why she sent me away!"

"Yes my boy, I know that, and I believe she meant to keep you away. She is a proud, haughty woman. All the Foster-Parkers were, and she is no exception. Everybody, even in the Paris colony, which is certainly the most exclusive set of Americans abroad, considered you a perfect match for Constance Blythe, but her mother had set her heart on that wealthy English baronet and so opposed your suit strenuously."

"Well, why did she wish you to see me?"

"I bear her personal assurance that her opposition to your marriage with Constance is withdrawn."

The greatest transformation ever seen in a human countenance was possibly right there in that Fifth Avenue studio as the afternoon March sunlight streamed in upon those two figures. Claude's joy was inexpressible in words, he merely wrung Colonel Bland's hand in silence.

"Constance has not been well, you know," continued the Colonel, in a voice that tried to be cheery, but seemed to lack the power. "To speak plainly, the separation from you preyed on her nervous system to such an extent that her strength gave way. At first Mrs. Blythe called it sentimentalism and tried to wean Constance from thoughts of her disappointment by providing extra gaieties, receptions, concerts and so forth, but it was to no purpose. At Christmas the poor girl had to take to her bed. Doctors prescribed for her in vain, until Sir William Jowitt, the fashionable English physician, learned the true particulars of her case, and frankly told Mrs. Blythe that the only sure way to save her daughter's life was to permit her to conduct her own matrimonial affairs. Constance is now at

from extreme poverty."

Claude laughed outright, for the first time during the interview.

"No," he said, in a voice full of confident satisfaction. "Fortunately my profession enables me to live well and also to keep a good account at my bank."

"You take many private commissions, I suppose—you were always clever at portraits," said Colonel Bland in an interested tone.

"Yes," replied Claude, lightly. "I have more requests for sittings than I can well attend to and the offers sometimes range as high as \$3,000, but—"

"Have you some work there—may I see it?" interrupted the Colonel, indicating the covered easel by an inclination of his head.

Claude arose from his chair and walked over to the easel. Then he paused and faced the Colonel with a peculiar look in his face.

"This is not painted from life but from memory, Colonel," he said, sadly. "It is a picture which you and I once saw together, two years ago next Easter day."

the Royale, and is somewhat better because I believe she knows the nature of my mission to New York."

Claude listened with rapt attention, the working of the muscles in his face, and its constant changing color alone denoting the conflicting emotions struggling within him. Hope, joy, sorrow, fear, despair came and went in kaleidoscopic expression on his features. As the Colonel finished the artist asked, hurriedly—

"When does the quickest steamer sail?"

"The 'Paris,' on Saturday, is the first fast boat. Will you go back with me on that day?"

"Yes, I will go direct to Constance. You say she is in Nice?"

"They will stay there all summer, I believe," replied the Colonel.

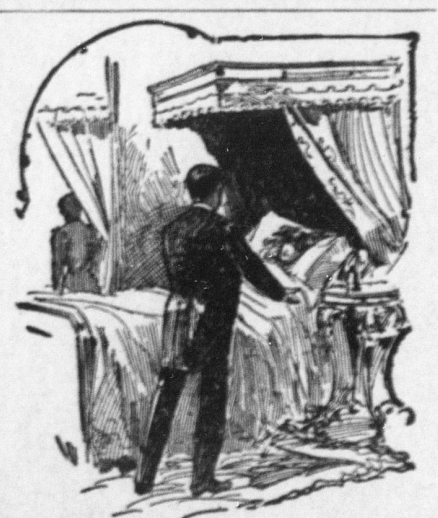
"But now that you have decided about going, tell me about yourself. Rumor said that when you left our party so abruptly in Mentone, you practically went to the devil, that is, to the gambling rooms of Monaco, which amounts to the same thing."

"Rumor was truthful," remarked Claude nodding his head.

"And it also said that you lost heavily," resumed Col. Bland, fixing his keen eyes on the young artist.

"I lost all I had," replied Claude, carelessly. "I could not lose any more, except by borrowing, and I would not do that for gambling purposes."

"Still," continued the Colonel, glancing approvingly around the palatial apartment, "you do not appear to be suffering from extreme poverty."



Claude entered the room and almost rushed to the bedside.

For fully five minutes he stood with his eyes chained to the canvas, Claude meanwhile watching him with the

Then the Colonel spoke deliberately. "I said Constance was in Nice. I was mistaken—she is here!" and he pointed to the easel.

"Thank you, Colonel, for your graceful compliment," replied Claude.

"The heart has a better memory than the eye," continued the visitor, without noticing the artist's remark, "and for that reason I think that no one but yourself could possibly paint that picture. There is not only consummate art but every evidence of heart in the work. Can you finish it in time to take it with us?"

"I will try. I have only worked on it occasionally, more for pastime than for any other purpose. It is nearly six months since I commenced it. You see, Colonel, when I got that cutting note of curt dismissal from Mrs. Blythe, shattering my hopes of ever making Constance my wife, I felt, as you said awhile ago, like going to the devil. I plunged wildly into dissipation, just like the heavy-drinking fool I was, but a few months of that kind of thing convinced me that if I wished to save my health and reputation it would be wiser for me to drive away care and sorrow by hard work rather than by indulgence in gambling and other delusive excitements. So I went to London and started in doing a little work for the illustrated papers. The few portraits I painted there got me favorable notice, in fact the press was too flattering altogether. I would have stayed in London but for the fact that Constance was within two days' reach and I could not trust myself to obey Mrs. Blythe's injunction not to see her daughter again. So I came back home to find myself famous, and never was fame more distasteful to a mortal. Clubs and coteries wanted to dine and wine me. The fashionable set sent special invitations to receptions and dinners, society leaders almost pleadingly requested my presence at some of their functions. I tried it for a little while, but the calls upon my time became so persistent that I had to cut society and, thank heaven! society has since cut me and left me alone to myself. To be perfectly candid with you, Colonel, I was almost denying myself to you, for I felt as if your conversation would naturally lead back to a subject which I had been striving to banish from my mind."

"That was why you had the picture covered?"

"Precisely. I was afraid the sight of it might remind you of Constance and make you speak of her."

"Well, my dear Claude, you see I came here with that view, picture or no picture. I am stopping at the Savoy. Will you come up to dinner this evening and let us have an old time chat? We ought to have a deal of news to exchange after twelve months."

"I shall be pleased to join you, Colonel. At what hour do you dine?" asked Claude.

"Seven-thirty. Now I must hurry down town to Wall Street to transact some business. Good day, Claude, I shall expect you this evening."

With a deft move of his hand Claude Remington pulled aside the brown silk curtain and Colonel Bland stood spellbound before the portrait. The artist watched him while his eyes

Remington saw his friend to the outer room and then returned to the easel, before which he stood for several minutes in deep silence. But there was an added brightness in his eye, and a warmer glow upon his cheek, and when, a little later, he commenced humming an old Italian ballad it was evident that the heart of the artist was more at ease than it was prior to the Colonel's visit.

Colonel Bland was a Baltimorean who resided three parts of the year in Europe. He was very wealthy and a widower without children. When Claude went abroad to study, the Colonel was one of the first Americans whom he met in Paris. Their acquaintance ripened into a warm friendship and the elder gentleman took a lively interest in young Remington's successes. A lover of art, though not himself an artist, he became an enthusiast in Claude's work, and accompanied him on many a rambling tour in search of the beautiful and picturesque bits of scenery that abound in France, Italy and Switzerland. For a year or a half they were constantly together and when Claude met his fate in Constance Blythe the Colonel was his young friend's confidant and did his best to bring about a match. But the pride of Mrs. Blythe, who came from an old Bostonian family, proved an insurmountable barrier to a union, and the Colonel was bitterly disappointed himself at the failure of his friend. He counseled Claude to stay, in fact, and disregard Mrs. Blythe's orders, inasmuch as Constance was nearly of age, but in this case the younger man had the most sensible view of affairs, and wisely decided not to remain near the girl who, he knew, loved him as fervently as he did her. This difference of opinion as to what he ought to do led to some words between the two friends and Claude, who was of an impetuous nature, left Constance abruptly and without bidding anyone goodbye.

And now his friend had followed him across the Atlantic for the express purpose of taking him back to his lady-love and never was a messenger more happy in the fulfillment of his mission. But still the thought of Constance's poor condition of health worried the Colonel considerably, though he strove to conceal his fears from Claude.

On Good Friday evening the American liner "Paris" glided slowly into her dock at Southampton and two of the first passengers to walk down the gang plank were Colonel Bland and Claude Remington. They took the night express for London at once and the next morning started for Paris via Dover.

Scarcely resting in the French capital long enough to take a meal; they took train for the southeast and towards noon on Easter Sunday were near their journey's end. Loverlike, Claude's spirits rose as he gradually approached the place where Constance was. Everything was familiar to him in Nice. The very backmen recognized him and touched their hats respectfully. Many a *pour boire* had they received from the young artist during his long sojourn in the fashionable resort.

On arrival at the Hotel Royale the Colonel and his companion went straight to their rooms, which had been engaged by telegraph. Colonel Bland wrote a messenger to Mrs. Blythe to the effect that he was in the city and that he would be in attendance on Constance.

The young lady, he said, was seriously ill, so much so that he would have to deny Claude an interview until she had been prepared to undergo the ordeal. They had extreme doubts of her recovery—her nervous system was completely shattered. Mrs. Blythe was at her daughter's bedside, scarcely ever left her, in fact, except while the sick girl slept. As soon as Constance fell asleep she would be pleased to see Claude and the Colonel in the reception room.

The physician was calm and polite, but his soft gray eyes were bent, while he was talking, upon the young artist's face. He had heard much of him but seen nothing, and he had been somewhat curious to know the young gentleman whose presence, his professional instincts told him, would be much more potent than all the medicines he could prescribe for Constance. But then he had to fear the effect of any shock, even though of a joyous nature. Sudden happiness is frequently as fatal as sudden sorrow in cases where the nerves are in a weak state. They had not known whether the Colonel would find Claude or not, and did not like to even hint at his coming until they were sure he was there.

In an elegantly furnished bedroom in another part of the hotel sat Mrs. Blythe by the bedside of her daughter. She was waiting for the girl to wake up from the few hours' slumber she had taken that afternoon. The mother was a strikingly handsome woman of about 45, tall and graceful in figure, and with an air of refinement in her features which was somewhat heightened by the *hauteur* of her expression. So habitual was this proud look on her face that even now, while bending over the sleeping form of her own child, the strongly marked characteristic was distinctly observable. The girl was unquestionably beautiful, but the ravages of a long sickness were plainly visible in her white and drawn face as she slept.

Mrs. Blythe had seen the Colonel and Claude, and a consultation, with the physician as adviser, had resulted in the determination to prepare Constance for the surprise of seeing her lover back at her side.

The picture which had been a work of loyal love on Claude's part, was moved into the invalid's room in a conspicuous position, with a curtain thrown loosely over it. The society woman's feelings had fought between pride of caste on one side and love for her child on the other, and the latter had won the battle. Her firm resolve now was to endeavor to undo, as far as she could, the evil she had done. She never seemed to realize the enormity of her action until she was shown the portrait of Constance as she used to be. The contrast between the merry, pink-cheeked maiden of a year ago and the pale-faced invalid lying before her now was so great that it made her tremble for fear her ridiculous pride had killed her only child. A reaction set in and now, much as she had formerly opposed the union, she deter-

mined that it should take place, even if it were a death-bed wedding. Her daughter should have the wish of her heart, before she died at least.

When the sick girl at last moved restlessly, and then opened her eyes with that tired and weary look peculiar to confirmed invalids, her mother stooped and kissed the pale forehead affectionately.

"You have had a nice, long sleep, dear," she said gently, "nearly four hours, and I think you look better for it. Had you pleasant dreams?"

"Dreaming of Claude, as usual, mamma," replied the girl in a low voice. "You must not be angry with me, I cannot forget him either waking or sleeping. As for my looks, I have almost forgotten how I ever looked."

"If you will promise me to be calm and not get in the least excited, I will show you how you looked not long ago," said Mrs. Blythe in an affectionate tone.

Constance gazed on her wonderingly. Mrs. Blythe met the questioning look with a maternal smile.

"You must promise me," she said, as she pressed a fervent kiss upon Constance's lips, "otherwise I won't show you."

"All right, I promise willingly," replied the girl, with a puzzled expression.

Mrs. Blythe moved the ornamental easel close to the bedside and drew the curtain away.

An involuntary start, an exclamation of glad surprise, a slight flush of color in the cheek and then the invalid's face became fixed upon the picture. There was a few minutes of complete silence, which Constance broke by saying:

"Mamma, Claude painted that?"

"How do you know, dear?"

"I know he did—he must have done; nobody else in the world would could have done! Did he send it to you, mamma, tell me, did he?"

"Remember your promise, dear child, or I shall give you no information at all," answered the mother with a playful laugh. "Now, just keep perfectly quiet, and I'll tell you a little secret. I have sent for Mr. Remington to come back."

"Sent for him, mamma? How could you be guilty of such an indiscretion?"

"No indiscretion about it, my dear child. I sent him away from you and it was my place to recall him." Mrs. Blythe put her arm around her daughter's neck and kissed her. As she did so Constance felt the warm tears drop on her cheek and saw that her mother was crying.

"Oh you dear, sweet, kind mamma, how good of you to do that when you don't like Claude."

"I do like Claude, and I admit that I have made a foolish error. I thought pride was stronger than love, but I find that I am mistaken."

"When did you send for him? It is a long way to New York." Constance spoke eagerly, questioningly.

"He is on his way here now, darling, and I want you to try and get strong again before he comes, won't you?"

"I am strong, mamma, quite strong, and your blessed words give me extra strength. I already feel much better."

"Would you feel well enough to see Claude if he should arrive tonight, dear?—remember, the doctor cautions you against the least excitement, and he would not let you see him unless you promised to be calm."

"But I am calm, mamma. It would not injure me. I feel it would give me strength if I could see Claude again."

"Then, Constance, prepare to have your wish gratified at once," said Mrs. Blythe softly, as her finger pressed the electric bell.

There came an old time sparkle in the eyes of the sick girl as she heard her mother's words, the cheeks flushed again, her bosom heaved perceptibly. Mrs. Blythe whispered a few words to the servant who answered the bell. Then she returned to her daughter's bedside and took the invalid's hand.

"Constance," she said, in a somewhat broken voice, "I must ask your forgiveness for the shortsighted cruelty I was guilty of when I sent your lover away. I have done what I could to repair the foolish act and have brought Claude back again to your side. May God grant that he is not too late."

A slight tap at the door and Sir William Jowitt entered quietly. A shade of disappointment passed over the face of Constance.

The physician walked forward and felt the pulse of the invalid.

"Your mother has told you who is here, I presume," he said seriously. "Now tell me, Miss Blythe, do you think you are able to bear an interview?"

"Oh yes. Don't you see how calm I am, doctor? Why, I feel quite strong again, and could almost cry for joy."

"Yes, but you must not cry," said the doctor warningly. Then, as he took his leave, he said to himself, chuckling, "Just as I thought! medicines in her case would not be worth a—continental, as the Americans say."

As Claude entered the room and almost rushed to the bedside, Mrs. Blythe crossed to the window and looked out. The tears were falling from her face, but they were tears of joy, not sorrow. When she walked back to the lovers she took a hand of each and joined them, saying to Constance, "Today is the anniversary of our Saviour's resurrection. Let us hope that it may also be the day of your rising from sickness. It certainly is a fitting occasion, for to-day my own love has risen far beyond my former pride."

Well Done. It may sound paradoxical. To creditors of mettle. But debtors have to be "stirred up." Sometimes before they'll "settle."

Should Draw Well. O'MAC.—The finest thing I saw in London was a perforated cigar. MAC'O.—Holey smokes!

An Easy Task. BOB.—I think Chauncey Depew is even cleverer than Herrmann. TOM.—For what reason? "I have seen him transport people from New York to Buffalo simply by making a few passes."

A Healthy Man. JAWSON.—Do you know Tompkins well? DAWSON.—Yes, never knew him unwell in my life.

An Involuntary Thief.

A public park, a garden seat, an actor sat thereon. His gay attire part product of the season, lately gone. For fifteen minutes there he rests, then rises to his feet. And with a calm and staid face he seeks the crowded street. But after him a horde of boys precipitately ran. And shouted out "Stop thief! stop thief! The actor wonderfully turned, as up the police he dashed. And without hesitation gave his right address and name.

Among the boys a tall, slim youth appeared to be the chief. And he reiterated loud, "This fellow is a thief!" "This fellow is a thief!" the actor hotly cried. "This charge is base indeed. In all my life I never yet committed thievery deed!"

"I saw him steal," the urchin said, in making the complaint. "Way over in the hollow there I watched him."

"You lie!" the actor wildly hissed, beside himself with rage. "This is the greatest insult ever offered to the stage!"

"Here is the proof," the boy remarked, "be- lieve me let him buckle. You've heard the charge I made, and now let each one be the judge. You can detect his guilt at once—he gives us all the chance. Observe the paint that's sticking there on the seat of his light pants!"

GEORGE EDGAR.

The Collector.

he subject of this sketch is not the man who comes around on or about the first of every month wearing a check suit and a bright smile that seems to fade perceptibly when you tell him to "call again in a week," or "let it lay over till next month." It is not the rent or tax collector I have in view, but that worst of all cranks, a collector of old stamps, coins, bric-a-brac and other relics of antiquity.

Perhaps you know one or more of them; perhaps you have met the man to whom a battered old copper penny of George the First's reign is a mine of wealth compared to a brand new ten dollar bill; maybe you know the fellow who cherishes a cancelled postage stamp from the Philippine Islands like an old maid does her yellow pug dog, or a young mother her first infant. And possibly you are also acquainted with the long haired and mildewed enthusiast who visits auction sales of second-hand rubbish and bids fabulous prices for featureless and limless statuary; who fondles with affectionate reverence a wig that was supposed to belong to Cromwell's first cousin, or worships the alleged toenail of some departed saint who died of La Grippe in the tail end of the third century.

These men are frequently walking museums. They carry pocket books containing several hundred obsolete stamps from all parts of the world, for which no sane man would knowingly give up a nickel. They would sooner lose an entire year's cash receipts than part with their collection. They have also some antiquated coin or other which cost them \$50, but which would not be accepted anywhere as collateral for a hair cut or a bowl of pea soup. Then, if the crank is of a superstitious nature, he is pretty sure to have surrounded himself with "relics," such as gruesome looking bones, pieces of skin or fragments of "the true cross." There wasn't wood enough grown in the entire Holy Land to supply the pieces of the true cross that have found their way, in recent years, all over the world, and if the alleged toenails of saints are all authentic those sanctified people must have been veritable centipedes. It is said that a Minneapolis gentleman started in the lumber business solely for the purpose of supplying splinters from the true cross and he is reported to be worth a fortune at the present day.

Collecting coins is a very sensible and laudable occupation, provided current specie is adhered to, and I respectfully submit that there is more solid satisfaction to be gleaned from the possession of a double eagle than from owning a pot-full of mouldy European coppers that wouldn't buy a mint julep or a pack of cigarettes in any city in the United States. At the same time it is just as well that cranks who are fond of the antiquated money chase, as it gives us poor mortals a chance to enjoy the current coin of the realm without exciting the envy of these collectors.

The love of antiquity observable in these collectors seems to come to a sudden stop when they select a wife or sweetheart. A statue a thousand years old they would venerate, but a woman over thirty-five they would hardly respect for sweethearting purposes.

The age of an engraving or oil painting, if measured by centuries, would throw one of these cranks into rapture, but he has a strange prejudice in favor of youth when it comes to selecting a life partner.

Well, we don't blame him, as we happen to be similarly afflicted ourselves, but we cannot help thinking that much of his affection for ancient coins, obsolete stamps and prehistoric relics is sadly misplaced. We cannot see how the hoarding of these reminiscences of by-gone ages, at great cost of money and time, can afford one-tenth of the pleasure that is to be found in the jingle of a few U. S. gold pieces or the rustle of some crisp American currency.

J. S. G.

Not a Bit Scared.

Just a frail and timid creature. Pinched of face and pale of feature. And seemingly the weakest of her sex. Five feet high perhaps—no taller. Not a woman there is smaller. But of danger in the crowd she little reck. Nerves are weak, and brains are swimming in that surging throng of women. And the spirits of the strong are giving way. Yet that slim and fragile figure elbows past a crowd much bigger. To the counter on this "Special bargain day!"

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Laura's Little Brother.

I have a young lady cousin whose company I much sought after by means of my own sex. I was a man after her own heart once, but I didn't get it. She discouraged me so much that I couldn't take heart at all. Several of my club acquaintances have been paying court to her since, but no one has yet succeeded in carrying off the prize.

From certain rumors that I hear I believe her little brother Eddie is one of the main causes of her failure to catch a suitable husband. It is sufficient to say that Eddie is a small boy and has a tongue. Also a facility for putting peculiar and unfortunate constructions on whatever he may hear or see.

When Mr. Golightly called the other evening and was shown into the parlor, Eddie sauntered shyly in before the visitor had time to seat himself in an imposing attitude. He looked wistfully at the caller for some moments and then said gravely, "Aint you going to make it talk?" "Make what talk, my little man?" asked Mr. Golightly in friendly tones. "Your suit, aint it going to shout?" "I don't understand you, my dear," replied Mr. Golightly.

"Well now," said Eddie, scratching his head, and looking the unfortunate young man all over, "when the servant told Laura that you had called she said, 'Oh he needn't call, his spring suit is loud enough to be heard all over the block!'"

Mr. Bondstock, the bank cashier, does not call on Miss Laura since his last painful interview with Eddie in the presence of the latter's father.

"Say, mister," asked the boy playfully, "Isn't our Laura stuck on you?"

"I'm sure I—I don't know," stammered the embarrassed gentleman.

"Oh rats!" replied Eddie, disrespectfully, "why, I saw her stuck on you last night—she was on your knee for over five minutes!"

Worse, if anything, was the experience of Mr. Smartwit, whose second and last visit to Eddie's home was made memorable by that mischievous youngster. He broke in upon Laura and her companion just as Mr. Smartwit was about to propose—with this probably true, but certainly malapropos sentence—

"Say, sis, ma wants to know how long that booby is going to keep you from supper!" JILKS.

THE PROBABLE

Last Words of Living Celebrities.

Grover Cleveland: "I shall at least be free from the veto of the senate."

James J. Corbett: "I never thought death could knock me out so easily."

Wm. L. Wilson: "Whither am I drifting?"

Adelina Patti: "This is my last farewell."

John Y. McKane: "Good bye to Coney Island."

Chauncey M. Depew: "I cannot speak this evening—some other time."

Senator Hill of New York: "I never bore any ill will to Grover."

William McKinley: "This Bill will go through all right."

Robt. G. Ingersoll: "I wonder if I was wrong?"

Russell Sage: "I cannot take any stock in the next world."

Alfred McAlister: "James, see that your pants are properly pressed."

Walter G. Grosvenor: "How far is it to Hawaii?"

John Wanamaker: "Anything else today, please?"

Thomas P. Ochsler: "I never took water yet and I will not do it now."

Tom Watson of Georgia: "Where am I at?"

Lillian Russell: "What! are there no marriages in heaven?"

George Blossom: "Now for the long rest."

The Prince of Wales: "I am about tired waiting for a throne."

Joseph Pulitzer: "The 'World' is mine."

Queen Liliuokalani: "How long am I to be kept out?" SAM. FLANK.

BANKER—I understand you have discovered a mine of wealth. BROKER—Yes, but it isn't wealth of mine—it's another fellow's.

"I don't like to go shopping in dry goods stores with my mamma," said a five-year-old boy. "Why not?" he was asked. "Oh, because she asks the salesmen to show her so many things she doesn't want," he promptly replied.

Said Johnnie Kingston's mother, "I want to buy one of those new kitchen ranges. They tell me they save half the coal." And her young hopeful, after considering a minute, asked, "Why don't you buy two of 'em, ma, and save it all?"

"Now Bobby," said the school teacher one day, "if it took ten men fifteen hours to hoe a large cornfield, how long would it take two men, say your father and uncle, to do the same work?"

"They'd never do it," replied Bobby promptly, "they'd be swapping fish stories all the time!"

"That was a bright child who, on being asked what ice was, quickly replied, 'Water, gone to sleep.' And the grocer's little girl's definition of sand, 'something papa mixes with sugar,' was as ingenious as it was unexcused."

"Shall I have to get married when I grow up?" asked little Flossie of her mother one day.

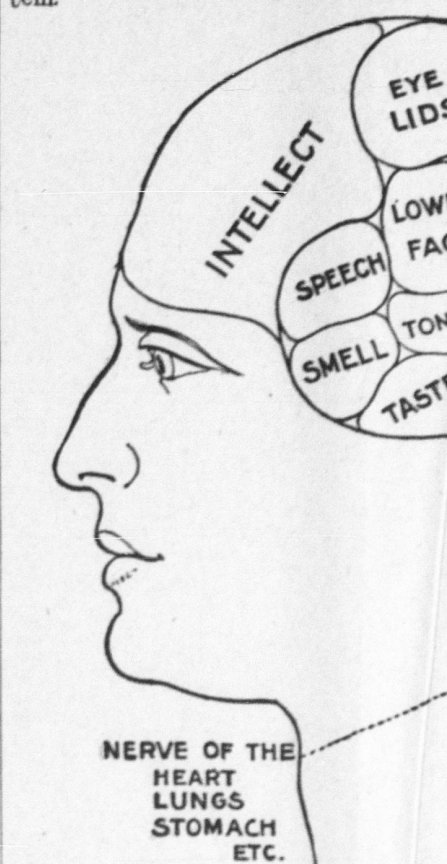
"Just as you please, my dear," answered her mother. "Most women do marry, however."

"Yes, I suppose so," continued the little girl musingly, "and I guess I'd better start right in and hustle for a husband now. They tell me Aunt Jane has been at it for 20 years and hasn't found one yet!" H. O'D.

HOW WE THINK AND ACT.

It is a common thing to hear people talk about what they think, of the subjects they understand, and how they reasoned this way and that way, in certain matters. But it is a question if one in a thousand people has ever stopped to consider how they think, and by what occult processes in the brain the reasoning faculty, or intelligence, performs its duties? Nevertheless it is probably the most interesting study of any that pertains to human anatomy. The material motions of the body are understood, to a limited extent, but the actions of the mind are rarely, if ever, thought of, even by professional phrenologists.

Of all the machines the world has ever seen, the most elaborate, complicated and intricate could not compare with the machinery of the human system.



It will well repay the reader to study in connection with this article the accompanying semi-phrenological chart, in which he will notice that the human head is carefully mapped out, with the various senses and organs properly indicated in their respective locations. It will be seen at a glance that every part of the body is directly controlled by the brain. The limbs and various organs are governed by it. Every motion of every muscle emanates from headquarters in the brain. The seat of intellect, that is, the understanding or thinking and reasoning part of man, is located across the front part of the brain. The other senses, such as sight, hearing, taste, touch and smell, occupy positions in the rear of the intellect, as do also the mainsprings of motion.

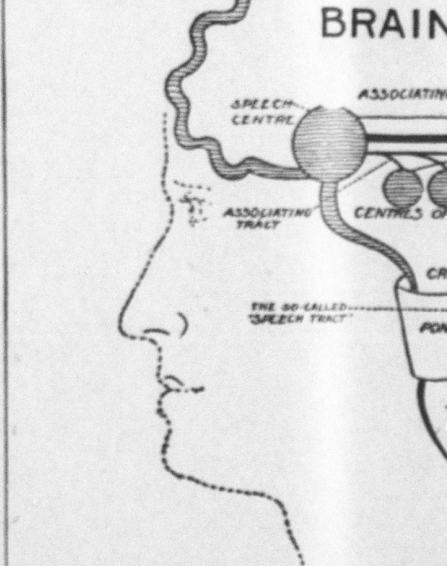
In the gray or outer matter of the brain, where these various locations are marked in the cut, are situated the nerve centers and all these are in direct communication and sympathy with each other. They are in harmonious accord and assist one another in the performance of their respective functions.

For instance, when in conversation with a person, it is not merely the tongue or organ of speech that is employed. The intellect or understanding is engaged, the sense of hearing is concentrated upon what your companion may be saying, the eyes are usually fixed upon him, and his on you, you move your arms, hands or facial muscles by way of gesture or expression, and all these acts are done

at one and the same time, though prompted by different senses under one government.

First of all, external impressions are telegraphed, as it were, through the mediums of the ear or eye to the seat of intellect, and orders are immediately dispatched from there, by means of the nerve centers, to every organ whose co-operation is required.

For example, as you read these lines, just move the toes of your right or left foot. The movement you find will be simultaneous with your thinking about it. No sooner does the brain



to determine the reason of various paralytic and other symptoms that occurred before death. Thus it has been ascertained that different portions of the brain control different parts of the body as indicated in the cut.

These remarks may convey a popular idea of how extremely difficult it is to successfully treat nervous diseases unless one is thoroughly well grounded in the construction of the nervous system, and has had a practical experience in the causes of disease and also their cure.

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